



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 7, 1957

America's National Sports Weekly

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PREVIEW

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OF
THE
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OF THE CHICAGO CARDINALS



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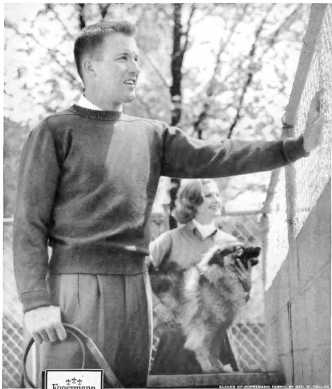
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OCTOBER 7, 1957
Volume 7, Number 15

Advertisements on page 12

COVER: OLLIE MATSON

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

The gentleman peeking out of the helmet on the cover is one of the few supervisors in pro football; and as Tex Maule explains in his **PREFVIEW** of pro football starting on page 20, it is the supervisors who make the difference between champion teams and also-rans.

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RUN FOR THE MONEY

As the football pros throw down the gauntlet, **TEX MAULE** presents the cost. Also **SCOUTING REPORTS**, plus five stars in **COLOR** by **JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN**

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BIG TIME AT \$5 A SHARE

KENNETH RUSKIN at **Bridgelyampton** for the opening of the East's newest track

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THE DEDICATED WILLIE

WHITNEY TOWER reflects on the rich **Woodward Stakes** and **Willie Hartwig**

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THE COLLEGIANS UNDER FULL STEAM

A load of sports and other things in **Football's Second Week**. **DON PARKER** tells how **Bayler's** personal travel will play **Miami**

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A FAMILY AFFAIR AT THE POLO GROUNDS

An old fan of the **New York Giants**, **ARNOLD HAMO**, pays his last respects

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The state fair produced champions old and new. By **ALICE HIGGINS**

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NEXT WEEK

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X-RAY FOR THE 1957 SEASON

For the final week of the season, X-Ray presents its usual weekly inside figures plus a selection of pertinent statistics

TEAM PERFORMANCE

	Season	The Week (Oct 15-19)	Home Wins	Score	Rank	Week	Home Games	Score	Rank	Home Produced Season	Home Produced Season	Home Produced Season
AMERICAN LEAGUE												
New York	99-59	428	4-2	681	3	Yankees	201	4-2	14	Yankees	181	14
Chicago	90-54	584	8	5-5	121	1	White	200	11	White	187	11
Boston	87-57	517	16	4-3	111	8	Red Sox	200	10	Red Sox	189	10
St. Louis	78-76	500	20	3-5	101	9	Cardinals	200	10	Cardinals	180	10
Baltimore	76-78	508	21	5-1	113	7	Orioles	200	10	Orioles	189	10
Cleveland	58-77	587	111	5-7	71	6	Indians	200	10	Indians	189	10
Los Angeles	55-74	586	106	5-4	70	14	Pastors	200	10	Pastors	189	10
Washington	55-75	587	41	6-3	100	4	Senators	200	10	Senators	189	10
NATIONAL LEAGUE												
St. Louis	95-59	517	5-3	71	5	Cardinals	200	10	Cardinals	189	10	
Philadelphia	91-55	585	1	7-5	100	6	Phillies	200	10	Phillies	189	10
Boston	88-57	595	11	3-2	100	5	Red Sox	200	10	Red Sox	189	10
San Francisco	86-54	579	11	3-4	100	6	Giants	200	10	Giants	189	10
Philadelphia	77-71	507	11	3-7	100	2	Phillies	200	10	Phillies	189	10
New York	69-75	508	36	5-4	100	0	Yankees	200	10	Yankees	189	10
Chicago	67-81	483	11	4-3	100	8	White	200	10	White	189	10
Pittsburgh	62-82	483	12	5-1	100	1	Pirates	200	10	Pirates	189	10

THE SEASON

Batting (NL)	Williams, Red Sox
Batting (AL)	Morgan, Chi. Inv.
Home run leaders (NL)	Gavens, Wash. St.
Home run leaders (AL)	Allen, Phil. A.
Fielding (NL)	Spahn, Atl. Braves
Fielding (AL)	Spahn, Atl. Braves
ERA (NL)	Spahn, Atl. Braves
ERA (AL)	Spahn, Atl. Braves
Complete games (NL)	Spahn, Atl. Braves
Complete games (AL)	Spahn, Atl. Braves
Team RB (NL)	Los Angeles
Team RB (AL)	Los Angeles

MONTH BY MONTH WITH THE LEADERS

Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.
Batting (NL)	Williams, Red Sox	411	195	140	105	100
Batting (AL)	Morgan, Chi. Inv.	332	141	119	100	100
Home runs (NL)	Gavens, Wash. St.	12	8	5	7	41
Home runs (AL)	Allen, Phil. A.	12	11	7	8	44
Fielding (NL)	Spahn, Atl. Braves	20	20	17	19	19
Fielding (AL)	Spahn, Atl. Braves	20	20	17	19	19
ERA (NL)	Spahn, Atl. Braves	3-1	3-1	3-1	3-1	3-1
ERA (AL)	Spahn, Atl. Braves	3-1	3-1	3-1	3-1	3-1
Complete games (NL)	Spahn, Atl. Braves	20-20	20-20	20-20	20-20	20-20
Complete games (AL)	Spahn, Atl. Braves	20-20	20-20	20-20	20-20	20-20

RUNS SCORED AND YIELDED

Team	Runs Scored	Runs Yielded	Difference
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
New York	479	517	-113
Chicago	458	510	-101
Boston	440	474	-104
Baltimore	436	510	-104
Cleveland	398	510	-104
Los Angeles	440	474	-104
San Francisco	440	474	-104
Washington	440	474	-104
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
St. Louis	440	474	-104
Philadelphia	440	474	-104
San Francisco	440	474	-104
Los Angeles	440	474	-104
San Francisco	440	474	-104
Pittsburgh	440	474	-104

PITCHERS % OF CLUB VICTORIES

Pitcher	Wins	Losses	Win %
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7
Spahn	20	10	66.7

RUNS PRODUCED

Team	Runs Produced	Total Runs
AMERICAN LEAGUE		
New York	479	1000
Chicago	458	956
Boston	440	924
Baltimore	436	910
Cleveland	398	866
Los Angeles	440	924
San Francisco	440	924
Washington	440	924
NATIONAL LEAGUE		
St. Louis	440	924
Philadelphia	440	924
San Francisco	440	924
Los Angeles	440	924
San Francisco	440	924
Pittsburgh	440	924

THE HOOKERS

Team	Hookers	Total Runs
AMERICAN LEAGUE		
New York	479	1000
Chicago	458	956
Boston	440	924
Baltimore	436	910
Cleveland	398	866
Los Angeles	440	924
San Francisco	440	924
Washington	440	924
NATIONAL LEAGUE		
St. Louis	440	924
Philadelphia	440	924
San Francisco	440	924
Los Angeles	440	924
San Francisco	440	924
Pittsburgh	440	924

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NO action spent
NO water shown
C clear water
B water shown
N water
muddy (muddy)

SH slightly high
H high
VH very high
M water muddy
L low

R rising
MTB water 50°
PT: nothing good
FVG fishing very good
FF fishing fair

FP fishing poor
NG nothing good
ONG nothing very good
OF outside fair
OP outside poor

MISSOURI: EXTENSIVE: Cold nights have produced squally muddies in the lower reaches, and FVG throughout province. Most catches of many rattlers last week was the second 3-miler between taken from French River near Highway 89 by Bert Dickinson. Heavy fish also ascending here in Lake Nemadji, Hudson Lake, Rice Lake south of Portage and Nottawegon River near Peter Au Bush, where A. R. Dymond of Brainerd and Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wilson of Coopersville landed a fish they could barely cope with. After they fought it for some time and were unable to land it, an experienced Dymond cut the poleman from the side, formed a loop and pulled the nose around the stubborn muddie. Intensive fishing for the last week netted 20 pounds. Intensive additional for visiting anglers. In Ontario and other north country reports muddies are often called and spelled "mudhenge," which is not Cawack, but somewhat highway Indian word "mudhenge" or "mudhenge" only.

PENNSYLVANIA: Muddies in full flower at Conowingo Lake and Conowingo Creek where it enters French Creek at Mendville and where in the past week Joe L. Driskin of Mendville has taken four muddies over 10 inches, OVG.

PACIFIC SALMON: WASHINGTON: Because of various factors, starting with exceptionally early by Director of Fisheries Department closed on September 30 all sport-fishing in fresh waters tributary to Puget Sound, in Willapa Bay and in Grays Harbor. Number Two extending from Westport seaward. Rivers are as dry that most spawning-time salmon will not start up them and are waiting in salt water. Those which try to run upstream, they eventually die of riverbanks and die without spawning; OVF until rain, and none is in sight.

TEXAS: Fall run now reaching up Snake River, and thanks at Houston. Then construction are putting up to 2,000-pound squanders past dam site every day; OVG.

UTAH: FVG in Tillamook Bay where anglers using fly tackle are taking jacks salmon to 8 pounds on egg chaser with better. Participant agrees this is late sport until fish is on. OG in all waters, but note special jacks salmon limit of 10 a day in effect from October 1 to November 15.

CALIFORNIA: FF is offshore where recently been of high winds, but FG at mouth of Soyo River, and in takewater at mouth of Red River. Mouth of Mill Creek on the Sacramento also warrants attention. There last week John P. Prater, Superintendent of the Fish and Wildlife Service's Calaveras Hatchery at Anderson, ground the weightiest chinook of the season, a 47-pounder. Anderson's responsibilities at the hatchery include the raising of salmon.

TUNIA: NOVA: Muddies: FF and OP. Although Bolder's Bay at Wedgeport has been jammed with giant bluefish all summer, only 25 have been landed, including a 620-pound fish defunct last week by Charlie Strange of Glenside City. No Red-and-white tuna catch at Wedgeport now enclosed in landings, and recent decline has had serious consequences for local guides who depend upon tuna sport-fishing to fill gaps in lobster season. John Manning, famous angler, now working at Wedgeport with International Oceanographic Institution of Miami to find why, if possible, big blues are reluctant to strike. Last week over a pint of

tuna blood was shipped to University of Miami Marine Laboratory for analysis. All sport-fishermen and others concerned about Wedgeport will again come into its world-renowned camp by next summer.

NEWFOUNDLAND: 1957 experimental tuna fishing by Newfoundland Tourist and Development Board finished, with strong indications that Conception and Trinity bays may still be the best for tuna. Some muddies captured in two boats imported this summer to investigate Newfoundland potential, led to capture of 10 fish, all over 300 pounds. William K. Carpenter of Wilmington, Del., the nation's top tuna angler, brought one land and one, landed nearly fish and landed another two at 500 and 400 pounds. Largest of season an 875-pound bluefish taken by O. S. Tard of St. John's. More guides will be available next year, and OG.

BLACK BASIN: PENNSYLVANIA: FVG in French Creek at Pappertown which yielded two 24-inch smallmouth last week. OVG in Allegheny now that MT is dropping.

MARYLAND: FVG still in Pasqueville and Hartwood rivers, with artificial taking limits of 50 pounds; OVG.

TEXAS: Rain and cool nights have made OG in Cherokee Lake, which starts 42 miles northwest of Knoxville. Most fish are near Hamilton Creek in few miles from Muncieville and most clearly here now is a wonder either not or tried. Top catch of week: 7-pound 3-ways caught by Eddie Fairchild of Muncieville; OVG.

LOUISIANA: James Haddad of Monroe looked to Black Bayou recently to work on his duck blind, succeeded in the angling area, landed some again with a 6-pound and 25-pound fish. Lines are reported by those without blinds on their mind. FVG in Daubert River near Monroe and Columbia, and in Saline Lake at Winnfield. See reports H & H Pigboat, Junior Dragnet, Bushhooker and Duke Duden the here to have; OVG.

FLORIDA: Rains have relieved drought. FG now in Withlacoochee River near Lake Panu-soffee and in Kissimmee River lake chain, with OG and improving.

CALIFORNIA: Shasta Lake H and M, with results mostly. Clear Lake FG and OG in lower Colorado reservoirs, particularly Mohave and Jensen reservoirs.

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: Cool Fall, lack of Calfish, golden and equipped, drier year, advice Calfish no longer quiet as fish from 25 pounds up small red skin along the beach at night; OVG.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For information and assistance in the preparation of this calendar, the following individuals and organizations are acknowledged: A. R. Dymond, Brainerd, Minn.; Bert Dickinson, French River, Minn.; John P. Prater, Superintendent of the Fish and Wildlife Service's Calaveras Hatchery at Anderson, Calif.; John Manning, famous angler, now working at Wedgeport with International Oceanographic Institution of Miami to find why, if possible, big blues are reluctant to strike; Last week over a pint of



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PIGSKIN PANORAMA

Oklahoma didn't play football last weekend, but everybody else seemed to, and the sports and entertainment community caught its rock rhythms in all corners of the country

THE EAST

Seven Ivy League kicked off the season and the month's Indiana was the oldest conference schedule in the country. In the new intelligence game, supposedly Ibbie Columbus used a fourth-period field goal to dump Brown 24-20. Dick Donelli, son of new Lion Coach Bill Donelli, ran page 50, playing his first varsity game at quarterback, passed for two touchdowns, ripped Brown runners with last-man tackles and intercepted two key passes. Elsewhere, Pennsylvania had Penn State scored stiff, but fumbled away a golden upset opportunity and lost 19-14. Princeton showed feet of clay, squeaked by Rutgers 7-6, with a touchdown at 11:23 of the last quarter and was one for the ailing Coach, Charles Caldwell. Yale looked strongest for the day, crushing Connecticut 27-6.

Coach Earl Blaik at last adapted Army to a bit of modern aerial warfare in a long-sided 42-0 win over Nebraska. Quarterback Dave Storland, playing less than half the game, completed eight passes, one for a touchdown.

THE SOUTH

Adkins, finding a quarterback to work behind its massive line, took over the favorite's role in the Southeast Conference by upsetting defending champion Tennessee 7-6. Lefty Lloyd Nix, recently converted from half to quarterback, mixed his plays smartly, used tricky drive and counter calls to keep vital ball control.

Duke expected a tough time with Virginia but breezed home 49-0. Halfback Wray Carlton scoring four touchdowns. The Blue Devils netted 30 first downs and 266 rushing yards in their march toward the Orange Bowl. Score of Maryland fans, shaken by the carnage, left Byrd Stadium long before North Carolina State had finished belaboring the Tar Heels 48-13. Halfbacks Dick Christy and Dick Hunter ran until weary, established State as a major Atlantic Coast Conference threat, along with Duke.

The ponderous Mountaineers of West Virginia, valley and slow in last week's outing with Virginia, woke up and ruffed Virginia Tech 34-0 in virtually assuring themselves another Southern Conference entry. So relaxed were they after beating the Gobblers, they benched off the field shooting turkey calls.

THE MIDWEST

The best of the Big Ten looked very good indeed as they ran up victory-lane scores against their opposites, Iowa gifted away an eighth of a mile in yardage, half of this on the ground and half in the air, to swamp Utah State 30-14. Halfback Gene

Seel, still a little weak as defense, played sparingly. He carried the ball three times, scored three. Michigan State won 45 plays—up against Indiana, but even the third- and fourth-stringers contributed in the 34-9 humiliation. Like honors at a pre-graduation graduation, the scoring was well distributed; star boys made points. Minnesota's traditional power plays were splined by pinheads and punies as the Gophers had their way with Washington 48-7. Bobby Cox, hampered by a torn ankle, shared quarterbacking glory with Dick Larson.

In a tagged game Purdue lost to the steady and experiencedness of the rebuilding Irish of Notre Dame 12-0. The arduous interseason season of the Southwest Conference this year was kept intact by Texas Christian which tripped favored Ohio State 18-14.

THE SOUTHWEST

Houston, weakened by its, stopped four Baylor drives in the first half but bartered under a second-half onslaught of passes and sharp running to fall in their second straight upset bid 14-6. Texas A&M, again hobbled by penalties, never reached high gear yet defeated the league's newest and hottest, Texas Tech, 21-9.

Texas Western dumped West Texas State 20-12 and took another stride in its defense of the Border crown.

Continental, while winning 19-13 over Wichita in a loosely played game, will did not look like the team to challenge Houston for the Missouri Valley title.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Colorado and Utah, the two best teams in the area, locked in a winging battle, Colorado winning it in the last 41 seconds 20-16 (see page 42). The Utes, two touchdowns underdogs, displayed exuberant depth and a brilliant power. Len Grosscup, to lay claim as best in the Skyline Conference; Wyoming kept gone, however, as Quarterback Larry Kovacs passed for 162 yards to lead the Cowboys over Montana 20-0.

THE FAR WEST

It now looks as if the Pacific Coast Conference run for the Roses will be settled at Palo Alto October 12 when the Stanford Indians meet Washington State. Stanford, aided by an unexpected running attack and Northwestern's 148 yards of penalties, thumped Bob McKeiver and Co. 28-6. Up next, Washington State continued to throw the most damaging passes on the Coast, edged California 12-7.

UCLA, its season halted and its way to the Rose Bowl barred by FCC action, looked like young warriors on a crusade and knocked off Illinois 16-6.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

For Games of
Saturday, October 5

• **Pow. State—Army.** Military Lions met Quaker Strubben, while Army resented over Cornshakers. Cadet jinx may hold, even at University Park. Still, PENN STATE.

• **Ill.—Stanford.** Owls had week off while Indians showed not only games but excellent running game in conquering win over Wildcats. Continued: STANFORD.

• **Iowa—Washington State.** Cougars have shown well in two opening wins. However, Hawkeyes have too much. Power and power. IOWA.

• **Columbia—Pittsburgh.** The Danells, play at St. debated brilliantly in beating favored Brown. Tigers unimpressive in opener. Still, PRINCETON.

• **Minnesota—Purdue.** Boilersmen have potential to bounce back but this is the year of the Golden Gophers; maybe all the way. MINNESOTA.

• **Arkansas—Texas Christian.** Horned Frogs, a shadow of former greatness, surprised Barokays. Steady and competent Razorbacks alerted. ARKANSAS.

• **Oklahoma—Iowa State.** Single-wing Cyclones have been surprising, but the honeymoon is over. Sooners smothering to 42. OKLAHOMA.

• **Miami— Baylor.** Hurricanes have regrouped losses with week layoff after Mountain loss. Big Bears have not approached potential in two opening wins. Nonetheless, BAYLOR.

• **North Carolina—Stan.** Tarheels came roaring back after opening loss to N.C. State. Midlins impressive each outing. NAVY.

• **Northwestern—Oregon State.** Wildcatting-up-pulling in Stanford debate. Will show better this Saturday, but Bears have been going great. OREGON STATE.

ALSO:

BIG over Pittsburgh (Oct. 4)

Michigan State over California

North Carolina State over Clemson

Duke over Maryland

Cornell over Harvard

Kentucky over Florida

Michigan over Georgia

Iowa State over Missouri

North Texas over Indiana

WCLA over Oregon

Pennsylvania over Dartmouth

Tennessee over Mississippi State

Ohio State over Washington

Wisconsin over West Virginia

Tide over Brown

Last week's hunches:

15 right, 9 wrong, 1 tie

Record to date: 39-15-5

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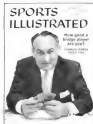
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MEMO *from the publisher*

MY FRIEND Roy Phillips of Greenwich, Connecticut, became our charter subscriber No. 2 less than a minute after I told him that there was going to be a new TIME INC. weekly magazine on sport.

Roy has exercised his charter status with authority and vigor. His letters of counsel and encouragement have touched on many subjects and ideas, but his most persistent plea has been for bridge—a sport he has long regarded as one of man's nobler preoccupations.



In our September 16 issue, Somerset Maugham introduced the man who is now going to bring SPORTS ILLUSTRATED more in line with my cousin's way of thinking and, to be sure, the way of thinking of some 50 million of his fellow American bridge players. The man introduced is, of course, Charles H. Goren, who next week begins in these pages a weekly commentary and report on bridge—and other card games.

Goren is the only bridge player who has won every major championship now in play. He adds to this the distinction of being, many think, the game's best teacher. And somehow he manages with almost indiscreet frequency to find humor in this most serious of intellectual contests.

To start off, Goren presents an unusual 14-question quiz based on 14 different hands. The first of its kind, it allows players of all levels of proficiency to establish for themselves, quickly and simply, their rank and position in the army of 50 million players. Weekly after that Goren will be showing the way up the ladder. In addition, Goren analyzes a previously unpublished hand which points out the relentless problem which memory presents to bridge players. Its message, heartening to mere mortals certainly, explains why it is not normally necessary to remember all 52 cards in every deal. Goren tells what cards it is necessary to remember.

When Maugham introduced Goren in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, it was not the first time he took on this task he enjoys. In 1944, as an introduction to Goren's *Standard Book of Bidding*, Maugham wrote: "You can learn a great deal from this book, but even then I doubt whether you will become as fine a bridge player as its author. For to be that, more than application and industry are needed. But you will certainly play better bridge than you did before."

And from now on, every week in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Charles Goren will be helping you to do what Mr. Maugham says you can.

Harry Phillips



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RUN FOR THE MONEY

Pro football is on its way to another big season, and superstars like Ollie Matson will decide the title. Here is a preview, with scouting reports of all the teams

by **TEX MAULE**

ONE RAINY FALL AFTERNOON in Philadelphia only 18 years ago, the Brooklyn and Philadelphia professional football teams played to a capacity press box and empty stands. The few spectators at Municipal Stadium had left the 103,000 seats bare to the downpour and retired to the press box to watch the game in loneliness, dry comfort. Bert Bell was the coach of the Philadelphia team—and the business manager and ticket seller and ad salesman for the program. He had little success in any of his ventures.

"Our total home gate was around \$60,000," Bell said the other day. He now earns nearly that much each year (\$40,000) as commissioner of the National Football League; the Eagles are still having trouble making money, but only the Chicago Cardinals share this fiscal discomfort. The rest of the teams in the booming National Football League showed a net income before taxes in 1956 ranging from \$237,483 (the Detroit Lions) to \$24,009 (the Pittsburgh Steelers). And 1957 may see the two losers in the black: season ticket sales over the league reached \$1,300,000 plus for this fall. As an indication of the burgeoning growth of this exciting game, total gate receipts for the league in 1945 were only \$1,279,461.

"The player draft made the difference," Bell said in his gravelly voice the other day. He is a short, round man, little given to diplomacy or soft talk, and his rough hand on the reins, as much as any one thing, has kept the NFL prospering. "Back in 1936 when I had the Eagles, you had to bid against the rich clubs for players. From 1933 to 1945, for instance, the Big Four—the Washington Redskins, Chicago Bears, New York Giants and Green Bay Packers—won 252 games and lost only 59 against the rest of the teams in the league. In 1936 we started the draft, and by the time the talent was equalized, the whole picture changed. From 1946 through 1955, the same four teams won 133 and lost 136 against the rest of the league. That's why people come out to see the pros play—they know a game between any two teams in the league can go either way easily."

As the pros head into what will probably be the most successful season in league history, no team lacks for good football players. Indeed, each team has 35 (the league limit) of the best players in football; the difference between the champion and the last-place team in each division is the number of good players on the squad. The players shown in color on the next four pages are the kind who make the vital transformation of a good team into a great one; the crunching running of a big, fast fullback like the Bears' Rick Casares, the unbelievably accurate passing and adept faking of quarterbacks like Bobby Layne and

Norman Van Brocklin, the graceful, elusive galloping runs of a Hugh McElhenny or the all-round brilliance of a Frank Gifford—these are the things which lift a good team out of mere competence into the realm of greatness. Bell's advocacy of the draft—allowing the lowest team in winning percentage each year first choice of the college players available—has given every one of the 12 teams in the National Football League the opportunity to stock itself with as many of the great players as it is wise enough to select. Every team has one or two; the teams which win the championships of the Eastern and Western Conferences and meet for the world championship in December will have five or six.

Professional football is, incomparably, a game of skill. The lowest guard on the last-place team in either division is a skillful player. The players whose pictures are on the following pages are, in their field, as skillful as a National Open golf champion or a Wimbledon winner. They are all magnificent physical specimens, as well. They have courage and cool determination under fire; the lowly guard has that, too, or he would not be playing professional football.

For this is no easy life. It requires abnegation, and, as one end coach in the National Football League pointed out in explaining the requirements of his job to a rookie offensive end, "a willing disregard for the consequences." From here on, in many ways, this might be the story of any one of the players on the next four pages; it happens to be the story of the player on this week's cover. He is

Left continued on page 25

THE FACES OF THE PROS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

On the next four pages, rare closeups of the combat expressions of five superstars—Rick Casares of the Bears, Bobby Layne of the Lions, Norm Van Brocklin of the Rams, Hugh McElhenny of the 49ers and Frank Gifford of the Giants.



CASARES

VAN BROCKLIN

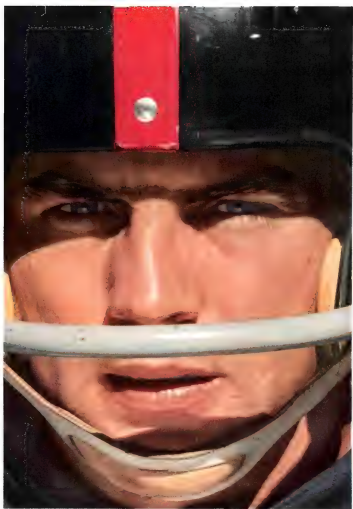
McELHENNY

GIFFORD









RUN FOR THE MONEY

continued

Olle Matson, Olympic medal winner, ex-Little All-America and now possibly the best broken-field runner in professional football.

Olle Geron Matson's father was a railroad man, but he left Olle and his mother when the second world war started and never came back. Olle was raised in Trinity, Texas, a small town in the hot South. He lived there with his mother until he was 11 years old, playing football with a tin can in the streets. His mother was a teacher and then she had a nursery school for a while and the family finally went to Houston, where Olle played football at the all-Negro Jack Yates High School. He was an end, for a couple of days, but the coach liked the way he ran with the ball and he played halfback after that for a year. Then the family moved on again, this time to San Francisco, and Olle played high school football there.

"I made all-city my senior year," he said the other day. He is a big man who looks as if he were carved out of ironwood. His face is quiet and his eyes are sedately mild and he speaks softly. "I don't remember now just exactly how many touchdowns I scored my senior year, but I set some kind of record. I loved to play football, man. I used to go out on Sunday and play in my Sunday clothes and get them all dirty, but my mother never became angry with me at all. She encouraged me to play if I loved it."

Matson had offers from Oregon, Nevada, UCLA, St. Mary's and the University of San Francisco when he graduated from high school. He played instead for a year at City College in San Francisco because he needed to make up a credit in foreign language before he could enter college. He made the Little All-America squad at City College and then went on to San Francisco. Matson is a Catholic and leaned toward a Catholic school, anyway.

In his senior year at San Francisco, he scored "21 or 22 touchdowns (I can't remember these figures so well)" and set ground-gaining records. He was drafted by the Chicago Cardinals, which were then coached by the former USF coach, Joe Kuharich.

Sprawled wide and heavy on a narrow cot in a training-camp dormitory, he thought about being drafted, the mild brown eyes heavy-lidded as he looked out a narrow window.

"I had always thought of professional football in terms of the Los Angeles Rams or the San Francisco 49ers," he said, with maybe a trace of regret in the soft voice. "But when Coach Kuharich drafted me, I was satisfied. I still am. These people have been nothing but nice to me. This is a very demanding game and that does make a difference."

He puffed industriously at an ancient pipe. It had gone out and he felt it, holding the match carefully and sucking at the pipetip for a long time to get an even fire.

"Yes, man," he said then. "This is a very demanding game in so many ways. Take drinking. Man can't do it in this business. Very fortunately for me, hard liquor makes me quite ill. I used to go into Ray Barna's bar back in San

Francisco and Ray would say to me, 'Olle, how about a gin?' and I'd say to him, 'No, man,' and then he'd laugh. And then he would say again, 'Come on, Olle, and have a gin,' and I'd keep on saying no. One time I did and I was really very ill. But the rest of the time I'd say to him, 'Ray, gimme a beer,' and at the utmost, I would have two beers, maybe three on a real hot day. Man, Ray thought it was real funny the day I got ill."

Matson chuckled appreciatively, remembering how funny it was, the oddly mild brown eyes lighting up. He was stretched limply on the bed. He sucked briskly on the pipe, cold again now.

"Like smoking," he went on. "Used to smoke cigarettes, but not many. One thing about me, if I smoke a cigaret while I'm drinking a beer, that makes me very ill. So one day I'm in a store and I see this pipe which you may have noticed is a quite unique pipe. It was something like \$12.95

and the man said I could have it for \$4 and I been smoking it since. Doesn't bother me at all." He held the pipe up and looked at it appreciatively.

"Doesn't hurt my wind at all," he said. "This is a rough business, so you must keep yourself in superb condition at all times. I watch my diet. If my wife cooks potatoes, I don't eat any bread. If I eat bread, no potatoes. During the off season, I go to the gym, play basketball, play golf, or shall I say I hark at the golf ball. Month before the season starts, I go down to the beach and run in the sand and run on the bridge paths and try a few pump-pattern maneuvers. My speed is most valuable to me, so I do my utmost to retain it."

(Matson placed third in the 400-meter run in the 1962 Olympics. It is a measure of the unswerving determination to excel which is a part of his make-up that he made that Olympic team in the face of almost universal assurance that three years of football at USF and no track had taken away too much of his speed. "Dink Temperton told me I couldn't make it," he said once. "I told him when the boat left for Helsinki, I'd be on it. Was, too. Then in Helsinki, I'm sitting around playing cards with George Rhoden, Mal Whitfield and Herb McKenley and all of them telling how they were gonna win the 400 meters the next day. I said to them, 'Fellows, there are three places on that start out there and I'm going to be on one of them.' Was, too.")

Now, resting on the narrow cot after a long morning workout, he thought about the speed which has brought him so much. He rubbed the bowl of the pipe along the side of his nose and gazed solemnly out the window.

"You have to know how to use your speed, though," he said. "You have to use your head to some extent to use your speed to its fullest capacity. You have to set up the defense for the benefit of your blockers. You got to use your speed to get to the hole as soon as the blocker makes contact. When the defense man puts his hand out to ward off the blocker, you got to be there going fast to go by. You got to go right at the hole to do that—got to go right in

and continued on page 25

ORDER OF FINISH in Tex Maule's crystal ball

EASTERN CONFERENCE

New York Giants	1
Cleveland Browns	2
Chicago Cardinals	3
Pittsburgh Steelers	4
Washington Redskins	5
Philadelphia Eagles	6

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Los Angeles Rams	1
Chicago Bears	2
Detroit Lions	3
San Francisco 49ers	4
Green Bay Packers	5
Baltimore Colts	6

FOR SCOUTING REPORTS ON PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL TEAMS, SEE NEXT FOUR PAGES



NEW YORK Giants

RATING: First.
1966: W 5, L 3, T 1. Post.
Playoff: lost. Best: 17-7.

EXHIBITION: W 3, L 2.

COACHES: Head, Tom Lee Howell; assistants, Vince Lombardi, Ken Kautenbach, Tom Lutz, John Dell Bado.

WATCH FOR: Thunderous running attack by Frank Gifford, Mel Triplett and Alton Webster, plus better drop passing to improved End Ken Mackie; the making of All-Pro End Andy Robustelli.

OFFENSE: The Giants, powered by the most consistent running game in the National Football League last year, should be even better in 1967. Addition of 246-pound Jack Spinks at offensive guard gives the champions a most awesome conveyor for its great trio of running backs. Chuck Conery and Don Heinrich can send 100 pounds of feet blurring ahead of the runners on sweeps with Spinks and Jack Stroud. Ken Mackie, a good receiver last year, is much better this year. Gene Mingo, who replaces either Gifford or Webster, spent 1966 acclimating himself and is a very capable replacement.

DEFENSE: The only loss the Giant defense suffered last year was All-Pro Tackle Roosevelt Grier to the Army. Jim Kautenbach, a second-year man, has played the hole Grier left very well. The Giant linebackers, Sam Huff, Rutland Spivey and Bill Brooks, are the best trio in football and the secondary defenders, led by Emlyn Tunnell, are experienced, battle-hardened and wise.



CLEVELAND Browns

RATING: Second.
1966 RECORD: W 5, L 7.
Playoff: fourth.

EXHIBITION: W 2, L 2.

COACHES: Head, Paul Brown; assistants, Paul Hogue, Howard Hinkle, Dick Gallagher, Fritz Heiser, Ed Uchak.

WATCH FOR: Quick, hard runs of rookie fullback Jim Brown, who may be another Marion Motley; platooning quarterbacks, with Tonyon O'Connell and rookie Matt Flann trading.

OFFENSE: Paul Brown is still looking for a capable replacement for Otto Graham. He is in better shape this season than last, with Tonyon O'Connell a year wiser in the ways of the Browns and a likely-looking substitute for O'Connell in Milt Hain. But neither of these quarterbacks is of championship caliber going in to the season. Elsewhere, the Brown offense looks very strong, with Jim Brown a great help at fullback and strong running halfbacks in depth. The great Brown machine of recent years is being overhauled, with a second crop of rookies moving in; this may presage a fall-off in the beautiful precision long a trademark of this team.

DEFENSE: Traditionally the toughest defensive team in football, the Browns have lost little here. Their quartet of secondary pass-defenders are back intact: Len Ford and rookie Paul Wiggins of Stanford provide punishing pressure on opposing quarterbacks from the end posts, and All-Pro Don Cole anchors the middle of the back, mean line, with Bob Gale, another All-Pro.



CHICAGO Cardinals

RATING: Third.
1966 RECORD: W 7, L 5.
Playoff: second.

EXHIBITION: W 1, L 1.

COACHES: Head, Ray Richards; assistants, Tom Kratoch, Chuck Deuka, Charley Toppo, Bob Newberry.

WATCH FOR: Gliding, elusive runs of Otis Holston, probably the best broken-field runner in the National League today. More running from Lamar McHan, the quarterback, in a split-T offense.

OFFENSE: The Cardinal halfbacks, Mattson and Dave Mann, rank as the equal of any pair in the league. At fullback, Johnny Osewowski is small for a pro, but he is a determined blocker and ranked ninth in the league in rushing last year. The Cardinal running is stronger than in passing. Lamar McHan is a good but not great punter, and the offensive ends are in the same category. The Cardinal offensive line is strong everywhere except at center, where a giant 65 feet 6, 396-pounder rookie may have to carry the load. He is Earl Purnham from Arizona State.

DEFENSE: The addition of Tom Flesin, acquired from the Baltimore Colts for a draft choice, shores up the tackle spot in the Cardinal defense, and the addition of Oklahoma All-American Jerry Tubb (a first draft choice) adds needed solidity to the Cardinal linebackers. The Cardinal pass-defenders—Dick Lane, Lindsay Chow, Woodley Lewis and Jim Hill—led the league last year in effectiveness and in interceptions and should be even better this season.



ANDY ROBUSTELLI, E



MEL TRIPLETT, FB



TOM O'CONNELL, QB



JIM BROWN, FB



LAMAR MCHAN, QB



JERRY TUBB, C

1967 SCHEDULE (1966 scores)

SEPT. 29 at Cleveland (28-3)
OCT. 5 at Philadelphia, N (21-7)
OCT. 12 at Washington (17-22)
OCT. 20 Pittsburgh (20-10)
OCT. 27 Washington (25-21)
NOV. 3 at Green Bay (no game)
NOV. 10 Chicago Cardinals (25-20)
NOV. 17 Philadelphia (20-7)
NOV. 24 at Chicago Cardinals (27-25)
DEC. 1 San Francisco (no game)
DEC. 7 at Pittsburgh (17-14)
DEC. 15 Cleveland (17-44)

SEPT. 29 New York (16-21)
OCT. 5 at Pittsburgh, N (21-35)
OCT. 12 Philadelphia (17-14)
OCT. 20 at Philadelphia (16-0)
OCT. 27 at Chicago Cardinals (17-40)
NOV. 3 Washington (17-20)
NOV. 10 Pittsburgh (16-24)
NOV. 17 at Washington (10-20)
NOV. 24 Los Angeles (no game)
DEC. 1 Chicago Cardinals (7-24)
DEC. 8 at Detroit (no game)
DEC. 15 at New York (14-7)

SEPT. 29 at San Francisco (no game)
OCT. 5 Washington (15-17)
OCT. 12 at Pittsburgh (7-21)
OCT. 20 at Washington (22-0)
OCT. 27 Cleveland (20-7)
NOV. 3 Philadelphia (20-17)
NOV. 10 at New York (10-22)
NOV. 24 New York (20-27)
DEC. 1 at Cleveland (24-7)
DEC. 8 Chicago Bears (16-36)
DEC. 14 at Philadelphia (20-4)
DEC. 22 Pittsburgh (25-27)

CONFERENCE



PITTSBURGH Steelers

RATING: Fourth.
1986: W 5, L 7, Fourth.
EXHIBITIONS: W 2, L 3, T 1.

COACHES: Head, Buddy Parker; assistants, Charles Charnick, Nick Florick, Harry Ginter, Walt Kiesling, Lowell Penny.

WATCH FOR: *Caring pass-catching of Earl Ray McNeill, new aerial offense under Quarterback Earl Morrall; strong up-the-middle running from Fullback Fran Rogel; and improved running game.*



LEN DAWSON, QB



EARL MORRALL, QB

OFFENSE: When Buddy Parker ended his 26-day retirement to coach the Steelers after dramatically resigning from the Lions, he retained most of the offense and defense already installed by Walt Kiesling. It was too late in the training session for radical changes, but Parker has been slowly selling his ideas into the Steeler attack, and it is beginning to show. Dealing for needed help with a free hand, he has acquired Quarterback Earl Morrall from the San Francisco 49ers to strengthen his weakest link in the Steeler chain. He still needs more and better halfbacks, and Fran Rogel at fullback is very sound but not truly brilliant.

DEFENSE: Parker had to give up one of the league's better linebackers in Marv Mataseak to get Morrall, but the Steeler defense should still be strong. The line is hairy and rough, with the veteran Ernie Stautner beeping up the middle and Payton Coach Bill McPeak a knowledgeable, persistent end. The defense will probably hold the team up until Parker's offensive unit learns each other's first names.

SEPT. 29 at Washington (10-13)
OCT. 6 at Cleveland, N (10-14)
OCT. 13 Chicago Cardinals (14-17)
OCT. 20 at New York (16-20)
OCT. 27 Philadelphia (21-25)
NOV. 3 at Baltimore (no game)
NOV. 10 at Cleveland (24-16)
NOV. 24 Green Bay (no game)
DEC. 1 at Philadelphia (7-14)
DEC. 7 New York (14-17)
DEC. 15 at Washington (13-0)
DEC. 22 at Chicago Cardinals (27-25)



WASHINGTON Redskins

RATING: Fifth.
1986: W 6, L 6, Third.
EXHIBITIONS: W 1, L 1.

COACHES: Head, Joe Kuharich; assistants, Mike Nino, Dick Evans, Joe Tomlinson.

WATCH FOR: *Antelope running of rookie Halfback Jim Podoley, long passing of Quarterback Rudy Bakich; the extraordinary resourcefulness of the league's smallest quarterback, Eddie LeBaron.*



GENE BRITO, E



TOM RUNNELS, HB

OFFENSE: The Redskins' offense suffered last year from fragile quarterbacks and too small running backs. It could be that both defects have been remedied by new blood for the 1987 season. Eddie LeBaron, the tiny magician, will have husky, durable Rudy Bakich to spell him behind the center, and the 'Steins have come up with a real find in rookie Halfback Jim Podoley, to go with Tom Runnels, a great runner who proved himself last year. Bakich, a long ball thrower, could soup up the Washington air offense, something which has been lacking in a league dedicated to at least an even split between air and ground attacks.

DEFENSE: Head Coach Joe Kuharich's problems are manifold. The loss of first-string tackle J. D. Kirsner in a late exhibition game (broken leg) leaves a gap in the defensive line which will be hard to fill. The Redskins' deep defense looked like an old umbrella often last season and there is no reason to believe the same players, a year older, are any more effective.

SEPT. 28 at Pittsburgh (18-39)
OCT. 6 at Chicago Cardinals, N (17-14)
OCT. 13 New York (27-7)
OCT. 20 Chicago Cardinals (9-21)
OCT. 27 at New York (14-28)
NOV. 3 at Cleveland (20-17)
NOV. 10 Baltimore (no game)
NOV. 17 Cleveland (20-9)
NOV. 24 at Philadelphia (9-28)
DEC. 1 at Chicago Bears (no game)
DEC. 8 Philadelphia (15-17)
DEC. 15 Pittsburgh (9-23)



PHILADELPHIA Eagles

RATING: Sixth.
1986: W 3, L 8, T 1, Sixth.
EXHIBITIONS: W 0, L 0.

COACHES: Head, Hugh Devore; assistants, Steve Owen, Charles Groat, Frank Kilmer.

WATCH FOR: *Running pass thrown by Oklahoma All-American Tommy McDonally thumping running of rookie Bill Barnes; flame of veteran Quarterback Bobby Thomson in handoff and passes.*



TOM McDUGAL, HB



BOB THOMSON, QB

OFFENSE: The Eagles, for several years, had an embarrassment of riches at quarterback with both Adrian Bark and Bobby Thomson. They had no running backs able to wade through a heavy dew; this year, Bark has quit, Thomson decided to commit to retirement toward the Eagles have a strong crop of rookie runners in McDougal, Barnes and Clarence Feala. By the time Thomson gets his legs under him, the Eagle offense should be set for its best year in a long time. The receivers are good enough to implement Thomson's passing too.

DEFENSE: The Eagle pass defense may suffer from the need to start rookies against the wily ends who inhabit the National Football League. Jimmy Harris, the Oklahoma quarterback, has moved into the lineup at a safety post. The return of Jerry Norton, an experienced hand who missed much of last season with a broken arm, can take up some slack here. The Eagles still have Chuck Bednarik backing up the line, and he is one of the best.

SEPT. 29 at Los Angeles (7-27)
OCT. 6 New York, N (7-21)
OCT. 13 at Cleveland (14-17)
OCT. 20 Cleveland (9-16)
OCT. 27 at Pittsburgh (25-21)
NOV. 3 at Chicago Cardinals (17-28)
NOV. 10 Detroit (no game)
NOV. 17 at New York (2-20)
NOV. 24 Washington (18-9)
DEC. 1 Pittsburgh (14-7)
DEC. 8 at Washington (17-18)
DEC. 14 Chicago Cardinals (28-20)

CONTINUED



LOS ANGELES Rams

RATING: First.
1986: W 4, L 3. Finished tie for 5th.
EXHIBITIONS: W 5, L 1.

COACHES: Head, Sid Gilman; assistants, Joe Mader, Lowell Soren, Jack Paulsen, George Allen.

WATCH FOR: Pivotal passing of Norman Van Brocklin, blaring running of Fullback Jack Tammage, breakaway threats from Tom Wilson, Ron Walker; fastest slot back in football, Bob Sepul.

OFFENSE: With Norman Van Brocklin seemingly headed for one of his best years, the Rams possess the first all-round passer in the National Football League. Erny Hines, Bob Sepul, Jon Arnett and Leon Clarke are the best group of four receivers; add a great running attack powered by two 225-pound-plus fullbacks and big, fast, mobile halfbacks and it is hard to imagine a better-equipped offense. But the Rams have had riches before and frittered them away in dissolves and indecisions.

DEFENSE: The Ram pass defense was something less than sensational last year and may not have improved enough. (No Shalton, the Baylor halfback who was the Rams' first draft choice, could be a real help; he was rated the best defensive halfback in the College All-Star camp. Shalton has the size and speed, and he will have experienced help in Willie Sherman, Don Barreths, Jesse Whitson and Ray Shiver. The Ram defensive line is big and the linebackers move well. The loss of Bud McFadden was a defensive tackle depth.



CHICAGO Bears

RATING: Second.
1986: W 5, L 2, T 1. First.
Playoff: Lost to Giants 45-7.
EXHIBITIONS: W 4, L 1, T 1.

COACHES: Head, Buddy Thoms; assistants, Clark Shagossay, Luke Johnson, George Connor, Phil Hander, Ed Lockman.

WATCH FOR: Catlike running of rookie Fullback Willie Gailimore, running games of Ronnie Knox, driving running of Fullback Rick Casares, the finding and receiving of Marion Hill, great end.

OFFENSE: The Bears have one of the most exciting and powerful offenses in the long history of the club. With a double handful of great running backs—Gailimore, Perry Jeter, Rick Casares, Bobby Watkins—and one of the truly great offensive ends at the modern era in Marion Hill, only possible question lies at quarterback. Ed Brown has been usually good for most of the season and tailed off; if Zeke Bratkowski can step in to run the Bear juggernaut when Brown fades, then this team will be reminiscent of the Bear wonder teams of the early '40s—on offense, anyway. With the tremendous speed inherent in Gailimore and Jeter, look for the Bears to run short games with quick starts often this year.

DEFENSE: The Bear pass defense was spotty against deep throws last year, although its over-all performance was not really poor. Some of the secondary's difficulties came from lack of rushing by the Bear ends, and this may hurt again this year. DeLoach must find strong, rough rubbers to help his pass defense. Elsewhere, the Bear line is strong.



DETROIT Lions

RATING: Third.
1986: W 3, L 3. Second round.
EXHIBITIONS: W 3, L 1.

COACHES: Head, George Wilson; assistants, Aldo Furse, Gerrard Ramsey, Bob Nashawater, Red Cochran.

WATCH FOR: Seasickening runs of long Mike Brown at fullback, rotation of Quarterbacks Bobby Layne and Tobin Rote, threatening to one of the best second pass receivers—Dave Middleton.

OFFENSE: The Lions may suffer from a decided lack of running attack this year. With Rote and Layne on hand to spell each other at quarterback, it seems likely that the Detroit air forces will be effective, but none of the running backs on hand are impressive. Rookie Tom Tracy and Merv Brown have provided most of the spark in a lackluster ground offense; John Henry Johnson, acquired from the San Francisco 49ers to plug a hole at fullback, was disappointing in exhibition games, but he is a strong runner and should help. The Lions have good receivers in Dave Middleton, Danse Dibble and Hopalong Cassidy.

DEFENSE: The Lion secondary quartet—Yale Lary, Carl Karlsen, Jack Christensen and Jim David—is the best in the West. The Lion rubbers are vast and violent, and the linebackers, with the addition of Roger Zatkoff from Green Bay, are magnificent. George Wilson, taking over from Buddy Parker, may have to depend on this stout defense until he can acquire or develop some really competent running.



JON ARNETT, E

TOM WILSON, HB



W. GAILIMORE, RB

MARION HILL, E



J.H. JOHNSON, FB

G. WILSON, COACH

1987 SCHEDULE (1986 score):

SEPT. 29 Philadelphia (22-7)
OCT. 6 at San Francisco (20-23)
OCT. 10 at Detroit (22-21)
OCT. 20 at Chicago Bears (21-30)
OCT. 27 Detroit (7-16)
NOV. 3 Chicago Bears (24-25)
NOV. 10 San Francisco (20-23)
NOV. 17 Green Bay at Milwaukee (17-14)
NOV. 24 at Cleveland (no game)
DEC. 1 at Baltimore (21-14)
DEC. 8 Green Bay (20-21)
DEC. 15 Baltimore (31-7)

SEPT. 28 at Green Bay (21-47)
OCT. 6 at Baltimore, N (17-49)
OCT. 13 San Francisco (31-7)
OCT. 20 Los Angeles (20-22)
OCT. 27 at San Francisco (29-41)
NOV. 3 at Los Angeles (22-42)
NOV. 10 Green Bay (20-11)
NOV. 17 Baltimore (20-27)
NOV. 24 at Detroit (25-12)
DEC. 1 Washington (no game)
DEC. 8 at Chicago Cardinals (10-4)
DEC. 15 Detroit (22-21)

SEPT. 26 at Baltimore (21-14)
OCT. 6 at Green Bay (25-18)
OCT. 12 Los Angeles (24-21)
OCT. 20 Baltimore (27-7)
OCT. 27 at Los Angeles (17-17)
NOV. 3 at San Francisco (17-21)
NOV. 10 at Philadelphia (no game)
NOV. 17 San Francisco (20-17)
NOV. 24 Chicago Bears (18-10)
NOV. 29 Green Bay (20-22)
DEC. 8 Cleveland (no game)
DEC. 15 at Chicago Bears (21-48)

CONFERENCE



SAN FRANCISCO 49ers

RATING: Fourth, 1984: W 5, L 6, T 1. Sealed club.

EXHIBITORS: W 5, L 2. **COACHES:** Head, Frankie Albert; assistants, Phil Bengtson, Howard Richey, Mark Duncan, Bill Johnson, Joe Vetrone.

WATCH FOR: Shifty, hard running by fullback Hugh McElhenny; fast starting drives of fullback Joe Perry; patterns of End Billy Wilson, Clyde Conner in one of league's better pass attacks.



DICKIE MOEGLE, HB



JOHN BRODIE, QB

OFFENSE: The continued robust health of Harry's Hugh McElhenny automatically steps up the drive offense by a quite considerable measure. McElhenny is one of the greatest broken-field runners of the last decade; if Joe Perry has a normal year at fullback, the 49ers will possess the most dangerous one-two running punch in the Western Division. Y. A. Tittle has help from rookie John Brodie at quarterback. The 49ers have two pairs of good offensive ends to make Tittle and Brodie more effective. All in all, the 1985 San Francisco team has more scoring potential than any other team of recent years.

DEFENSE: The 49ers have a tremendous defensive line built around Leo Nomellini (250) and Bob Tsieltz, a 260-pounder. The linebackers are experienced and capable, but Albert must play a couple of lucky spots in the deep pass defense. Dickie Moegle, a free runner as well, and Bill Stites are both experienced operatives; Syracuse's Jim Riffe, a rookie, may move into the secondary unit acceptably.

SEPT. 29 Chicago Cardinals (no game)
OCT. 6 Los Angeles (28-00)
OCT. 13 at Chicago Bears (7-31)
OCT. 20 Packers at Milwaukee (17-24)
OCT. 27 Chicago Bears (31-08)
NOV. 3 Detroit (12-17)
NOV. 10 at Los Angeles (6-59)
NOV. 17 at Detroit (17-49)
NOV. 24 at Baltimore (20-27)
DEC. 1 at New York (no game)
DEC. 8 Baltimore (20-27)
DEC. 15 Green Bay (28-00)



GREEN BAY Packers

RATING: Fifth, 1984: W 4, L 8, Tied 5th. Exhibition: W 5, L 2, T 1.

COACHES: Head, Lyle Blumhagen; assistants, Ray McCoy, Lou Spivey, Tom Sharsten, Jack Morton.

WATCH FOR: Slow-bang running of fullbacks Maxie Ferguson and Fred Cox; speed, great hands and faking ability of End Bill Bearton, one of the best receivers in professional football.



RON KRAMER, HB



PAUL HORNUNG, QB

OFFENSE: The Packers have been handicapped on offense for quite a while by the lack of a real breakaway threat from fullback. The two fullbacks—Cox and Ferguson—are sturdy, driving runners and strong blockers. The acquisition of Dan McElhenny provides one halfback with enough speed, and Ron Kramer is hard-blocking slot back who is a good receiver too. Bart Starr, stepping up to replace Tobin Rata, has shown he can throw well enough. Paul Hornung, a strong all-around performer, is the third quarterback, but he may play at the halfback post.

DEFENSE: This has been the Packers' strong point through the exhibition season. With Carlton Menney replacing John Mankovich at one end and the same brace of giant tackles—Jerry Holins and Dave Hanson—the Packer line makes sticky mauling for any ground game. New linebackers have fared in very well and the Packer pass defenders look better for the addition of John Pfitzen and Billy Kinard to the capable Bobby Dillon and Hank Greenwager.

SEPT. 29 Chicago Bears (21-37)
OCT. 6 Detroit (16-09)
OCT. 13 Colts at Milwaukee (28-07)
OCT. 20 Jets at Milwaukee (16-27)
OCT. 27 at Baltimore (20-28)
NOV. 3 New York (no game)
NOV. 10 at Chicago Bears (14-58)
NOV. 17 Rams at Milwaukee (12-17)
NOV. 24 at Pittsburgh (no game)
NOV. 29 at Detroit (21-29)
DEC. 6 at Los Angeles (21-49)
DEC. 15 at San Francisco (29-29)



BALTIMORE Colts

RATING: Sixth, 1984: W 3, L 7, T 0. Fourth. Exhibition: W 1, L 2, T 1.

COACHES: Head, Wally Kirsch; assistants, Charles Winner, Herman Hall, John Briddgen, Bob Shaw, Edward Block, Fred Nubacher.

WATCH FOR: Strong, versatile running attack built around powerful Alan Ameche at fullback, and fast, strong Lennox Moore at half, plus breakaway threats in L. G. Bogue, Roger Wombie.



JOHN UNITAS, QB



LENNOX MOORE, HB

OFFENSE: The Colts, off the fire running of Lennox Moore in exhibition games, can field one of the stronger ground attacks in the Western Division. Ameche, a bull-like runner with enough speed to go on for long gains after he has ripped past the line, is one of the two best fullbacks in a division replete with great ones. With George Shaw recovering from an early injury and John Unitas, long the most underrated quarterback in pro ranks, the Baltimore team is deep and talented at the all-important quarterback post. Only a lack of really good ends handicaps the Baltimore offense.

DEFENSE: The Colt defensive line, with All-Pro Gino Marchetti and Art Donovan at end and tackle, needs take a back seat to none. Bill Pellegren, Colt captain, is a knowledgeable, tough linebacker who is big enough (236) to close the holes and fast enough for pass defense. The Colt secondary was the weakest in the league against passing last season, but in exhibition games it looked a bit better. However, Eubank has more plugging to do here.

SEPT. 29 Detroit (11-41)
OCT. 6 Chicago Bears, N (28-21)
OCT. 13 Packers at Milwaukee (23-28)
OCT. 20 at Detroit (16-07)
OCT. 27 Green Bay (28-01)
NOV. 3 Pittsburgh (no game)
NOV. 10 at Washington (19-21)
NOV. 17 at Chicago Bears (27-28)
NOV. 24 San Francisco (17-28)
DEC. 1 Los Angeles (18-21)
DEC. 8 at San Francisco (17-39)
DEC. 15 at Los Angeles (7-31)

TWO NIGHTS

It was 11:36 p.m. at Milwaukee's County Stadium. Two men were out and one was on in the 11th inning and Henry Aaron came up swinging his 34-ounce bat. He hit the first pitch into the bleachers, and 48,926 at the ball park and thousands hunched in front of their radios knew that they would not have to wait until next year. The Braves had beaten St. Louis to clinch the pennant and Milwaukee erupted (left and below). The next morning, District Judge Robert W. Hansen dismissed seven arrested for celebrating

JUBILANT THROWERS AND HORN-BLOWING MOTORISTS JOIN MILWAUKEE'S



HAPPY PAN gazes here from his jumpseat perch at Fifth and Wisconsin in a town in Milwaukee victory.



TO REMEMBER

too vigorously. "Any Milwaukeean," he said, "ought to be forgiven, because last night was a night to remember." But there was no joy in Brooklyn the following night (April 10, 1954) when the Mets lost to the Dodgers, 10-0, in what almost everybody regarded as their last game ever at Ebbets Field. Organist Gladys Gooding played a mournful medley, including *Thanks for the Memories*. "Please do not go on the field after the game," cautioned Announcer Tex Rickards, purely out of habit.

DOWNTOWN AREA THE NIGHT THE BRUES FINALLY WON THE PENNANT



UNHAPPY CLOWN, Brooklyn's Kenneth Kelly, stares wistfully from the crowd before Dodgers' last home game.

GO TIME FOR THE GIRLS



BRACED for a shot at the ball, Nan Whitridge shows the determination which has made Shipley an annual hockey power.

When autumn comes to the lawns of Philadelphia's Main Line, a young girl's fancy turns to the spirited and ancient game of field hockey. The action here took place at Overbrook, Pa., where Shipley went to play Sacred Heart one crisp, sunny afternoon last week and defeated them 3-2. The girls' day-and-boarding schools of this suburban region, such as Shipley, Baldwin and Agnes Irwin, are located in the national center of a sport which had its beginnings in Persia in 2000 B.C. and is considered the oldest of stick-and-ball games. Although once regarded as too fast and rough for women to play, field hockey in the United States today is predominantly a feminine pastime—and nowhere is the play keener than upon the green fields of the Main Line.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PEGAN GREENBERG



CHASING the ball are Sandra Corvick (left) of Sacred Heart and Pat McElvaine of Shipley. Sacred Heart convent wears distinctive pinnies over their tunics for team identification.



CONVERGING on Helen Townsend of Shipley (right) are Sandra Corvick (left), Pat McElvaine and Meredith Faly of Sacred Heart.



PRESSY Nancy Simpson wears rainbow which indicates variety among in habits, loyalties, beliefs and generation.



BLONDE Maude Long of Shattoucks a teacher on the job, has a not unusual study place, under the Parnis House eaves.



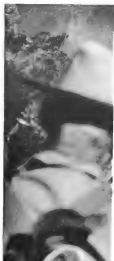


BROWIE TRAISER (DIARY IN POCKET) LEARNS FROM GRANDPA HOW TO PACK A GUN

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

PAGES FROM A BOY'S DIARY

Robert Browning (Brownie) Traiser Jr. is 13 and back at school now after a late-summer excursion most youngsters can only dream about: a three-week hunting and fishing trip to British Columbia with Grandpa, who in Brownie's case is Robert A. Uinslein Sr., 74-year-old vice-president of Milwaukee's Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co. High in the Camiar Mountains, Brownie hunted with the men, bagged Stone sheep and caribou, netted trout, recorded such scenes as these in his pocket diary.



BROWIE AND GUIDE TOM WALKER WAIT



CLIMBING above treeline on Kamouritz Ridge, Brownie (left) and Walker begin the day's work.

WADING Mink Creek, an outlet of remote Mude Fish Lake, Brownie carefully strips a fishy rainbow trout when he takes it out of the stream for ribs.





WITH WIND IN THEIR FAVOR AS STONE SHEEP CAME WITHIN 30 FEET, BROWNE DID NOT SHOOT SINCE RANG WERE NOT TROPHY-SIZE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARSHALL LOCKMAN



BREAKFASTING in Caba Pich restaurant on jagged and rocky slopes—day's hunt are—Girauda, Tibbels, Foster, and Browne



SITTING on a log in stream, Browne examines day's catch. In dusty white gaiters and slung gun, rangers hunting

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

T. S. ELIOT AT EBBETS FIELD • FINAL STANDINGS OF
THE UMPIRES • LE DERNIER BARK • MEETING A CRISIS
WITH FANGOR • VEECH'S LAW • LASKAU'S LAST WALK

NOT WITH A BANG

DESPITE RUMORS that there would be some inflammatory playing of the organ by Miss Gladys Goodding, Walter O'Malley bravely attended what was assumed to be the last Brooklyn Dodgers game at Ebbets Field on the crisp, chill evening of September 24. Rumors about Miss Goodding's program turned out to be accurate, for her third number of the evening was *California, Here I Come*, and others ranged all the way from *Que Sera, Sera to After You're Gone*. However, far from inflaming the crowd, the selections seemed to soothe it like so many lullabies.

The final game drew 8,782 spectators (about half the number at the Polo Grounds five days later—see page 62), who seemed to regard the occasion as just another ball game. Here and there, older fans recited lineups of other days and spoke of great Dodger names like Wheat, Vance, Grimes, Carey, Blanton and Stengel. (Ol' Cav played in the first game at Ebbets Field on April 5, 1913, before a crowd of 25,000.) Only a few voices referred at all to the fact that Brooklyn was losing its team, and they blamed not Mr. O'Malley but "those politicians who been taking their free passes all these years and giving nothing in return."

In pregame ceremonies, Mr. Happy Felton went through his last television program for the kids, and he made a brave and generally successful effort to be happy about it. A speaker presenting gifts to Campanella, Hodges and Kouss thanked the crowd over the public-address system for making the occasion "such a resounding success," and he concluded his speech with "Goodnight, mother," a literal remark, it turned out, addressed to his own mother and not to Ebbets Field.

Commenting on the crowd's calm acceptance of the occasion, a scholar

in the right-field stands quoted T. S. Eliot's line about the world ending "not with a bang, but a whimper." But only Emmett Kelly, the sad-faced clown, performing for the last time, looked as though he might be able to manage even that much.

However, after the game, a few teenage girls were observed in tears as they waited for a final glimpse of their heroes. In the clubhouse, these heroes—presided over by Pee Wee Reese, seated in his armchair as usual—expressed perfunctory regrets as they lunched on barbecued crab.

As the last of the crowd filed out of the park, the T. S. Eliot scholar buttonholed people and desperately reminded them that the last Brooklyn batter, Gil Hodges, had struck out. "Do you see?" he cried. "Baseball dies at Ebbets Field, not with a bang—but a whimper."

Nobody got it.

BOUNCE AVERAGES (FINAL)

LOOKING DOWN the stretch, National and American League umpires, no doubt affected by the new baseball statistic (bounce averages) created here this season, behaved very much like sluggers competing for the triple crown. Final bounce averages for the men in blue show a definite tendency during the last days of the season to go for what would be the equivalent of the extra-base hit, i.e., to go for the manager. (In this first season of compiling bounce averages, no additional points have been awarded for the managerial bounce, but thought must certainly be given to the possibility of MBAs for managers as well as PBAs for players next season.)

Managers bounced during the last days of the season include Paul Richards of the Orioles (by the Summers team), Birdie Tebbets of the Redlegs

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

• The Final Reel

At week's end the cross-country cliff hanger was whether Brooklyn's Walter O'Malley and the Los Angeles City Council would get together by O'Malley's October 1 deadline, but Angelenos in general paid little mind to the final reel. It was football time, and some 136,000 of them turned up for these weekend games (UCLA-Missou, USC-Michigan, Barns-England) at the Coliseum.

• Push 'em Back

Central High School of Little Rock defeated Intramural High of Baton Rouge last week 15-6. Cheering Central on ("Push 'em back!") were 160 members of the 501st Airborne, relaxing from their integration-enforcement duties.

• Mutual Admiration Society

Baltimore has every reason to be proud of its Orioles; they finished, beyond all expectation, in fifth place. And Manager Paul Richards has every reason to be proud of Baltimore; 1,029,561 watched his team, and Richards' contract gives him a nickel for each admission over \$60,000—or \$6,479.62.

• Quiet in North Dakota

Last weekend the silence of North Dakota decided, almost to a man, to forgo the temptations of Fackhauer. Federal injunctions against shooting ducks before Oct. 1 were obeyed, although a state law (SI, Sept. 23) created a special North Dakota season for "migratory" birds beginning Sept. 27.

(by the Ballanfant), Fred Hutchinson (by the Cardinals) (by the Baseball), Jack Tighe (by the Tigers) (by the Baseball), and Bill Rigney (by the Giants) (by the Baseball) (by the Cardinals) (by the Baseball).

The bounce champions in each league sort of backed into their titles. The Paparellas won in the American without adding a single bounce during the last days of September. In the National, the Baseballs' runaway lead piled up in midseason was sufficient to put them in, but they added a token bounce in September for good measure.

Final standings:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Franchise	Number Bounced	Bs (% of all)
Paparellas	15	.417
Baseballs	9	.250
Summers	8	.222
Berrys	4	.111

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Franchise	Number Bounced	Bs (% of all)
Baseballs	31	.544
Gormans	9	.175
Ballanfants	9	.175
Coalses	8	.140

Footnote: In selecting umpires for the World Series, Commissioner Ford Frick chose Paparellas of the American League champions, Chylok of the third-place Summers team and McKisley of the last-place Berrys. From the National League, Frick picked Seery of the thumb-happy Baseballs (31 bounces as against the 15 that were good enough to win the title for the Paparellas in the junior circuit). Then Frick turned to the last-place Coalses to select Donatelli and Captain Jacko Coalsen himself. All in all, it is not a strong combination bounce-wise—and maybe that's the way Mr. Frick wants it.

DOG DAYS

LAST WEEK was National Dog Week (it was also National Tie Week, 100% Pure Maple Syrup Week and Anti-Freeze Week), and by way of celebration what was billed as the "world's first fashion show for dogs" was held, for better or worse, in a suite on the 50th floor of New York's RCA building.

The models included five poodles named Tina, K. T., Sheba, Flucky and Ron, a golden Afghan named Pataweta, and a miniature schauzner named Gray. The apparel came from the Park Avenue "bow-wow boutique" of a Mrs. Joan Kruger, whose Poodle-town Shop stocks such items: plain, fanciful and decadent—as vests,

coats, collars, washes and pajamas.

The show was divided into three groupings: Formal and Town Wear, Resort and Beach Wear and Country and Informal Wear. More often than not, what the dog wore matched what the dog's mistress wore. A young lady in a gabardine coat led Gray in, and Gray was tugged out in a gabardine



coat with a handkerchief in the pocket. This was Country and Informal.

"Is the little coat reversible?" asked a matron.

"I'm sorry," apologized the young lady. "Not this time."

Another young lady with a blue denim beach bag coddled a poodle attired in a blue denim collar and leash. "For beach and summer—" she intoned apologetically, "noises. It is completely washable; goes right in the Dixie."

"It's very gay for the Cape," murmured the matron.

Next a lady in a pink kid jacket with poodle stuffed into a pink kid coat with gold buttons. "Leather—" said the lady, "practical for windy weather."

"What goes in the little pocket?" inquired the matron.

"Her mad money," said the young lady.

Then came the poodle known as Ros, moose, in a plastic raincoat, hood and plastic booties. "If your dog objects to the hood," said Mrs. Kruger, "you can roll it back." Ros apparently did not object. "Ros got very sore feet last year from walking, so I had to get her boots. She's used to them." Ros fidgeted. "Of course," said Mrs. Kruger, "she knows it's not raining in here, so she's confused."

There were also pajamas, buttoning up the back. "People have air-conditioned apartments or are fresh-air fiends and a dog needs a little protection." But by all odds the ultimate was, as the young lady reverently announced, "mink and mink." The poodle this time wore a Ceruban mink jacket (Formal and Town); the young lady wore a Ceruban mink coat.

"How much is that?" inquired the matron.

"It's \$275," said the master of ceremonies. He (the master of ceremonies, that is) wore a green suit (washable) and a rep tie (nonreversible).

Save The House Week begins October 13.

ROAD TO MODENA

GARY LAUGHLIN is a 35-year-old oilman from Fort Worth who was offered a ride from Milan to Modena the other night by Juan Manuel Fangio, the best driver in the world. Laughlin is alive; so are Fangio and Fangio's wife Andrea, after a triumphant test of driving skill that belongs on the record. Here, as told to the British racing driver and correspondent Tom Wisdom, is Laughlin's story:

"We had passed the town of Modena, 50 miles from Modena, when it happened. In the darkness, just after 8 o'clock, we breasted a rise at 120 miles an hour. Seventy yards ahead was a truck right across the road—absolutely no room to pass. I knew I would be killed.

"Fangio spun his touring Lancia this way, then that. If we had braked we would have hit the truck head-on at 70 miles an hour, but the gyrations, expertly controlled, slowed the car. Just as I was sure we must hit, we glanced off a telegraph pole. . . . We stopped, inches from the truck. . . . Then the truck driver came for me. Who did I think I was, driving at that speed in the dark? Did I think I was Fangio?"

"No," I said, "but he is." I pointed to Fangio staggering across the road. The truck driver burst into tears."

In Bologna the Fanguis received medical attention. Said Fangio: "People drive so badly today."

CHALLENGE TO TRADITION

NEVES in the history of the major leagues has a halfplayer on a last-place club, whatever the magnitude of his accomplishments, received the Most Valuable Player award. Bill Veeck supplied the hard logic for all this when he was president of the eighth-place St. Louis Browns in 1951. Ned Garver had managed to win 20 games for the Browns that year, so he went to Veeck for a raise. "Ned," Veeck told him, "we got so last place with you, we could surely have gotten there without you."

Veeck's Law notwithstanding, the left fielder for the tail-end Washington Senators will certainly get a parcel of votes for the MVP award. He is Roy Sievers, 30, a strong, taciturn right-handed batter with a short swing which Yankee Manager Casey Stengel calls "one of the sweetest." Sievers surpassed Ted Williams and Mickey Vernon in home runs (42) and in runs batted in (114) while winning both of

continued



"Hiss! He hasn't hit the Stalinian since Billy Graham was here."

continued

these titles. He has thus become the first Senator to take the RBI championship since Goose Goslin did it in 1924, and the first to win the home run crown since Buck Freeman hit 25 in 1899.

Sievers was Rookie of the Year with the Browns in 1949 when he batted .306. A broken collarbone and a chronic separation of the shoulder almost ended his career in 1961. He was, in fact, given up as a bad risk by Baltimore when they inherited the Brownie stock, and they traded him to Washington in 1964 for Gil Coan. Playing now with a surgically rebuilt shoulder, Sievers, who had to throw underhand at first, has since recovered to the point where runners think twice before taking the extra base.

Success has not spoiled Roy Sievers. "I dunno," he says, "I'm just watching and things are happening." They certainly are. The fans in Washington know that Roy is the Most Valuable Player, eighth place or not, and the Senator management has been enjoying home-game ticket sales comfortably in advance of last year's. Just about all of the increase can be attributed to Roy and his long ball.

Last week the fans turned out for a Roy Sievers Night at which he received a Mercury station wagon, among other gifts. Along with his contribution to Roy's night, Vice-President Nixon wrote the fund-raising committee: "No man in baseball deserves more recognition than Roy. . . . I think the highest compliment that I've heard paid to him was expressed by my 11-year-old daughter Tricia. After she had seen him hit his 37th and 38th home runs against Kansas City on television, she exclaimed that 'Washington shouldn't trade Roy Sievers for Mickey Mantle.'"

Mantle gets \$50,000 or so a year, Sievers about \$18,000. If Sievers decides to brace his club for a raise (thus striking hard at Vecek's Law), all Washington, including Tricia Nixon, will be on his side.

DUFFY CONVERTS

DUFFY DAUGHERTY, the Michigan State football coach, calls himself "a Civil War golfer—out in 61, back in 45." Actually, he shoots in the low 80s and loves the game to which, surprisingly, he was able to devote a great deal of time last summer.

In previous summers Duffy has not had much of an opportunity to play

golf; he was too busy rounding up beef to stock his team. But the Big Ten's new purity code has about ended the uneven summer scramble for players. Now a coach simply submits an offer of financial aid to a promising player and then hopefully awaits a letter from the high schooler signifying his intent to attend the coach's college. Once that letter is received no one else in the conference can touch the boy. This system, Duffy



prophesied last year, would put quite a crimp in his recruiting style.

"At first I viewed the plan with apprehension and a little trepidation," he admitted recently, "but so far it looks like there are more benefits than I anticipated. I played more golf last summer than I have in 10 years."

So, instead of beating the bushes, looking for players, Duffy now devotes August to beating the tall grass looking for lost golf balls. This, he feels, is quite an improvement. "Besides, I gained peace of mind knowing I had good kids lined up and coming to school." He reflected on that for a few minutes, then smiled happily. "I think my golf game will improve in summers to come," he said.

DON'T RUN, WALK

TO HENRY LASKAU, a reflective, bandy-legged, 41-year-old New Yorker, walking is not so much a way of getting somewhere as a way of life. For the past 11 years, as America's foremost competitive walker, Laskau has, by shuffling queerly along in rel-

ative obscurity, won more national championships—43—than any amateur athlete in the history of the United States.

It has always troubled Laskau that Americans have not taken kindly to walking races, ignoring them on the one hand and hooting at them on the other. He is resigned to the former. "Maybe it's a combination of circumstances," he says. "You can't rush into walking. You must be patient. Besides, too many of us would rather ride in a car than even stroll, much less walk." But it is the ridicule that really hurts. He feels that walking has been sabotaged by hip-wigglers, whose contortions he condemns aesthetically and athletically; and by the obtainers who insist on strutting their feeble stuff before the newest cameras. Says Laskau: "The public shouldn't laugh, because the wigglers don't know what they're doing. As far the men over 45, they have no business being in there. They only huff, puff, and shake and make a spectacle of the sport."

Not one to become a huff-puff-and-shaker, Henry Laskau retired the other day, after winning the 3,000-meter walk at Israel's Maccabiah Games, in favor of coaching younger men.

"Walking is not a diversion," Laskau pointed out. "It is a difficult event which demands top coordination and stamina." Walking, indeed, is a trying business. The rules dictate that the knees must be locked, and that one foot always must be in contact with the ground. To achieve the classic style, Laskau advises aspirants to "Walk heel and toe. Then make believe you're pulling on ropes with your arms. I'd say it requires more coordination than running."

Laskau is qualified to know. He was, in his native Germany and for a time in the States, a run-of-the-mill distance runner, until a walker teammate on New York's 82nd Street YMHA squad watched him heel-and-toe a lap and told him to forget about running the mile. "You're a real walker," the teammate said. "I predict you'll be national champ within a year." Laskau won.

Besides his projected coaching duties, Laskau works as a traffic manager for a Manhattan export firm and lives in Mireda, L.I. with his wife Hilde and their two young sons. The Laskaus met and married when members of the same track team; Hilde gave up the 70-yard dash to raise a family. "Some persons ask me how I caught her if she sprinted and I walked," says Laskau, "but I was running when I met her."



COCKFIGHT POSTPONED

The champ has left
The pit and beat;
A pullet passed—
He chickened out.

—A. R. PORTNOR

BIG TIME



BRIDGEHAMPTON'S THREE-MILE BLACKTOP TRACK WINDS THROUGH BRUSHY, HOLLING COUNTRY, KEPT AT SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE

New Jersey's Walt Hansen was again the hero when the new Long Island road course welcomed the SCCA to its roaring debut

by KENNETH RUDEEN

BRIDGEHAMPTON HOLLOW, one of the half dozen new road courses which have sprouted in this exceptionally vigorous year for U.S. sports car racing, is a three-mile ribbon of blacktop which snakes around the sandy spine of eastern Long Island, 146 miles from Times Square. Last weekend saw its big-time debut—a national Sports Car Club of America race meeting—and a fine opening it was.

It hadn't been long since sports car disciples had set up new shops at Lime Rock and Thompson, Conn., at Upper Marlboro, Md. and Danville, Va. It had been only a week since the refurbished Watkins Glen plant in upstate New York had offered a sprightly program. Soon the cars would be spitting exhaust fumes in the hange belt on new courses at Riverside and Pebble Beach, Calif.

Now it was Bridgehampton's turn. A blue ribbon band of eastern drivers, a handful from the Midwest and a pair from the West Coast—soured Phil Hill and an impetuous newcomer, 21-year-old Bruce Kessler—promised keen racing. They treated the course with undiluted respect,

for it is fast and taxing. The swiftest cars could accelerate to 140 mph on the 3,200-foot main straightaway, there was no hairpin bend to cut speeds, and many a car became airborne on a 70-mph downhill curve.

New Jersey's Walt Hansen and the resourceful Hill were to be favored in the featured 75-mile event on Sunday, but clearly the stature of their opponents would not let them coast. Hansen, to be sure, was having an outstanding year. A country mile ahead of the field of drivers of Class C modified cars (three to five liters) in the SCCA point race, he had just taken the big one at Watkins Glen.

His mount, as usual, was one of Briggs Cunningham's artfully tuned 3.8-liter D Jaguars. And Hill, although aboard an outdated 3.5-liter Ferrari, had sharpened his already superior technique with a season in Europe.

Should Hansen and Hill miscue, the race figured to be a wide-open scramble among a cluster of accomplished men: heavy-footed Charlie Wallace of Washington, in another Cunningham D Jag; smooth and steady John Fitch of Connecticut, in a 2-liter Maserati; young Kessler, Rose Marie Reid swimout hair, in an old 3-liter Maser; Honest John Kilborn of Illinois in a 3.5 Ferrari; and Pennsylvania's Bob Holbert, who performs amazing feats with his tiny 1.8-liter Porsche and who, indeed, derailed all the hot cars except Hansen's in the Glen feature and trailed him by only 28 seconds at the end.

Since the outset, many months ago, when the Bridgehampton people began to search out the far-flung owners of the present racing site—a bushy hillside overlooking Peconic Bay—they have been alert, sure-footed, practical.

AT \$5 A SHARE



ROAD, SPECTATORS ON HILLTOP HAVE A GOOD VIEW OF THE 800-ACRE PLANT OVERLOOKING PECONIC BAY BUILT BY SMALL INVESTORS

Among the directors are men of vast racing experience—for example, Charles Moran Jr. of Rye, N.Y., the only Princeton-educated Wall Street stockbroker I've heard of who has raced in the Indianapolis "500," and Alfred Merno, the New York automobile importer whose crew of mechanics keeps Cunningham's stable of cars in apple-pie order.

FINE IN 1888

Bridgehampton stock has been pegged at \$5 a share. A lot of it has gone into cooky jars in the resort area of the Hamptons, whose citizens supported road racing in the vicinity from 1915 to 1929 and 1949 to 1963. There are hundreds of small investors elsewhere, and the base of ownership continues to expand.

Right now the Bridgehampton Road Race Corporation has an admirable course on a 600-acre tract. Access roads, parking lots and the pit area are still raw; in the future the corporation intends to provide the amenities as well as the essentials.

The crowd of 8,000 which attended Saturday seemed not to mind slogging about over loose sand to find good viewing spots. A sharp, autumnal tan laced the crisp air. Overhead the sky was a clear, pale blue. Old 16, the venerable Leemobile which won the Vanderbilt Cup race in 1908, chugged across the starting line, parting an inaugural ribbon. Race No. 1 was a corker. Holbert, Wallace and Lake Underwood flicked their Porsche models about the course as quickly as anyone could want. Holbert, leading, spun and dropped to third, and Wallace thereupon caught

Underwood to win the race at 85.87 mph. Underwood's average: 85.36. Bridgehampton's course was truly opened.

The weekend continued to be a glam-bang one. There were moments of exhilaration and there was a tragedy. On Saturday, Charles McAdams of Woodhaven, N.Y. slipped his Jaguar, suffered head injuries and died 48 hours later.

On Sunday, when an unexpectedly large gathering of 20,000 overran the plant, a substantial stockholder hiked two miles from a roadside parking spot to get in—no place to park inside.

Some of Saturday's chill had gone out of the air when Briggs Cunningham got things rolling on Sunday with a five-lap vintage car victory in his 8-liter 1930 Bentley touring car. Among the also-rans: Cartoonist Charles Addams, armed with a 1934 Alfa Romeo roadster. Rather more competitive wins were achieved by Tony Briggs (Alfa Romeo Veece), Harry Carter (AC Bristol), and Lake Underwood (Porsche Carrera).

And then 37-year-old Walter Edwin Haragen, who had driven his first race on Bridgehampton's old open-road circuit in 1951, delivered one of his finest performances in the big-bore main event. He won from here to Peconic Bay, followed by his teammate Wallace, Hill, Holbert, Fitch and Kessler. Average: 85.83 mph.

Haragen handed his helmet to his 16-year-old son Rusty and shrugged when a wide-eyed teen-age girl gasped, "Weren't you scared?"

This is to report that Haragen was not scared, but he did have a bad time with the D Jaguar's seat, which kept sliding forward and back as he drove. (K&E)

THE DEDICATED

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY COOPER

IT IS DOUBTFUL if ever in its history past Thoroughbred racing has given us a tingling double feature attraction to compare with the show put on during a beautiful brisk blue afternoon at stately old Belmont Park last Saturday. Unfortunately, however, when fewer than 37,000 turned up to witness what they could of the comparatively new Woodward Stakes, and of the 68th running of the Futurity, traditional fall classic for 2-year-olds, the complaint was again voiced that only the privileged few with good reserved seats get any satisfaction out of watching the races at a mile-and-a-half track at which the average visitor can see virtually nothing of the mysterious manipulations up the Widener chute (where they run off the six-and-a-half-

furlong Futurity) and relatively little of any mile-and-a-quarter race—such as the Woodward—which has its starting point very nearly in another township of Nassau County.

On the other hand, 35,000 is a healthy crowd for any sports event. Racing in New York is not a losing business, quite the contrary. The men who run this nonprofit operation seem to suffer from some form of schizophrenia; on the one hand, most of them want to preserve the old values of racing which do not necessarily at all times suit the greatest convenience of the greatest number, while at the same time they feel impelled to do everything to attract even greater numbers of people to fill racing's already generously loaded coffers. This is an

old-fashioned pursuit known as wanting to have your cake and eat it.

Nonetheless, last Saturday's racing was the best of the year anywhere. The horses had to share top billing with the three greatest active jockeys in America, Eddie Arcaro, Willie Shoemaker and Willie Hartack. This trio does not habitually operate on the same battleground, so that when all three are pitted in a match of skills and judgment it is a treat as rare as coming suddenly on a golfing trio made up of Hogan, Snead and Middlecoff.

While Arcaro and Shoemaker have added to their banner—largely because of major successes in New York and California—Willie Hartack has been bounding along at such a terrific pace for the past few seasons that he's al-

GALLANT MAN (WHO RAN SECOND IN THE WOODWARD), BOLD RULER AND REHEARD, AFTER BEING OVERHAULED CLOSE TO HOME BY



WILLIE

Young Mr. Hartack surprised his elders, but an older horse upset his juniors when the Belmont race track staged its greatest day of the year for 36,000 fans

by WHITNEY TOWER

readily eclipsed all existing single-season earning records and in a steady if not always spectacular procession of victories is fast closing in on Arcaro's treasured record of 40 stakes wins in a year. Somewhere in the shuffling of figures most of us before last Saturday had not bothered to take stock of what has actually happened this year when Hartack has dashed head on with The Master and The Shoe. The facts were quite astonishing: in nine stakes races in which the trio rode Hartack was the winner of six, Shoemaker accounted for one, Arcaro was shut out and all three were beaten in the other two.

Last week Hartack did it again, combining superb riding and judgment to bring Mrs. Jan Burke's Dedicate, the season's No. 1 hard-luck horse, horse

in front of the odds-on favorite, Gallant Man, and his archrival Bold Ruler in the weight-for-age Woodward. The Woodward will go down as one of the great races of 1957, for it brought together at the classic Derby distance two of the three best 3-year-olds still in training (the third, Round Table, skipped the Woodward to train up for the \$100,000 Hawthorne Gold Cup on October 12) plus the 5-year-old Dedicate, a truly courageous never-say-die type of runner whose ill luck in the big summer handicaps (including one disqualification after easily winning the \$100,000 Atlantic City Handicap in track record time) would have dulled the competitive instincts of many as equally gifted runners. The Woodward's fourth entry, Reneged, was a

dangerous front runner who, if left alone was capable of winning himself.

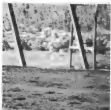
To the majority of the handicappers (as well as to those in the betting lines) the race shaped up as a personal duel between Gallant Man and Bold Ruler for top honors in their own generation as well as for a firm hold on the title of Horse of the Year.

Johnny Nerafi, the dapper sport-capped trainer of Gallant Man, was frightened of only one horse. "I honestly believe," he said before post time, "that up to a mile and a quarter Bold Ruler is the best horse in the country. Beyond a mile and a quarter my horse is the best. But of a mile and a quarter it's a tossup." Bold Ruler's board of strategy had a split verdict. Trainer

continued

DEDICATE'S SURPRISING RUN ALONG RAIL

OWNER JAN BURKE LOST A \$5 BET, GOT \$11,000 BACK FROM DEDICATE AND HARTACK



DEDICATED WILLIE

continued

Suey Jim Fitzsimmons said confidently, "Gallant Man is a nice little colt—a typical distance horse from a mile and a quarter on. But I think we'll win this one." Then he added the only note of caution of the day. "But remember that Dedicate isn't exactly a buggy horse. He's got some pretty good run in him." Willie Shoemaker was positive he was on the best horse. Arcaro hesitated on only one point: "The only question in my mind is can Bold Ruler go that far. The way he finished his last mile [in 1:53] makes me think he just has to be able to get the extra distance."

Dedicate's trainer, shrewd old Carey Winfrey (who is also Owner Jan Burke's stepfather), was saying nothing. He was just planning. And so was Willie (The Genius) Hartack. The plan, in effect, was simple, and it worked to perfection. "In the first place," said Willie, "I knew Reneged would set the pace and Bold Ruler would be up there pretty near him—but I also knew that neither of them would go no mile and a quarter. At least, I was pretty sure they wouldn't. We also figured the others would expect Dedicate to be up close to the pace, leaving Gallant Man to be by himself well off it for at least the first three-quarters of a mile. So

we decided to pull a switch. Instead of moving along with Dedicate for the first part of it, I'd lay back—not with Gallant Man, but behind him, where I can see just what he's doing. So when he makes his move I'll move with him. Another important thing: I knew that when Shoemaker makes his move he likes to go to the outside around the leaders. I've got to take a chance in this one, so I've got to hope I can get through on the inside on the last turn. If I can I'll have saved ground while Shoemaker goes around; I'll have more run left for the finish—and, besides, two other horses already won on the rail today, so that's the place for me."

And the race was run exactly as Willie Hartack had hoped it. He never allowed Dedicate to get more than a length off Gallant Man as both of them lay back during the early running. Turning for home, Arcaro sent Bold Ruler by Reneged and opened a length lead at the head of the stretch. But now Shoe moved, taking Gallant Man around the leaders and, in a flash, Hartack drove Dedicate through on the rail. For barely an instant all four in this brilliant field were head and head. At the eighth pole Arcaro's lead was lost forever and Gallant Man went to the front. Another sixteenth of a mile and then Dedicate took over the lead, pounding powerfully along the rail to

win by a length and a half from Gallant Man, with Bold Ruler another two lengths back and barely a head in front of Reneged.

Said a disappointed Shoemaker upon dismounting, "I don't know what happened, because we had no excuse in the world."

"Well, I know what happened to me," said Arcaro. "That slow early first half [47 1/5] should have given us two fract runners the best of it—but it just didn't work that way."

Rejoicing Trainer Winfrey was almost too stunned to say anything after seeing Dedicate (a nine-time loser on the Belmont track) finally win the big one. "I told Willie to lay back the first part of it—and he sure did just that, didn't he?"

Mrs. Burke, trembling with excitement, was asked if she felt happy. "Sort of, but I lost \$5 at the race today," replied the pretty lady who had just won \$71,000.

The Futurity, run off before the Woodward as a supporting race after 67 years as a hallowed headline in its own right, resulted in a bit of a surprise, too. The big favorite was Fred Hooper's Alhambra (Arcaro up), but this brown colt—just like his illustrious stablemate Grak Game—found the six-and-a-half-furlong sprint just a bit too far. After leading most of the time he gave way to George D. Widener's Jester, ridden by P. J. Bailey, who came rushing along with an encouraging nip to win by a length over the Wheatley Stable's Misty Flight—with Alhambra holding on to third by a neck over Ljansellen Farm's Crusher. There was a bit of roughing—most of it caused by Nadir—at the start which may have hurt the chances of a number of others in this relatively undistinguished field of nine.

Although the results of the Futurity must displace Alhambra as the proven leader of the 2-year-olds, the top spot may not rightfully belong to Jester until we see what happens when and if he gets around to tackling the bloom of Jewel's Reward and L'il Fella.

But the real heroes of the afternoon were a horse named Dedicate, an untiringly conscientious trainer named Carey Winfrey and a confident young jock named Willie Hartack, who, by nightfall Saturday, had slightly revised the 1957 Arcaro-Shoemaker-Hartack score book. It now reads: Hartack 7 victories in 11 meetings, Shoemaker 1, Arcaro none, and three no-decisions. This is indeed a dedicated young man himself. (END)



TOM FODD'S first win, Jester, versus Paul Bailey and Owner George D. Widener in winner's circle following victory in Belmont Futurity, steppingstone to 1958 Derby.



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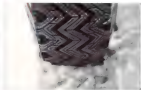
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FOOT. This late fourth-quarter punt by Billy Atkins (39) of Auburn potted his team out of a hole and cemented a 7-0 victory against a charging Tennessee team. It was a game that, more than any other of the week, indicated which of the several

strong Southeastern Conference contenders is most likely to prevail. Tennessee had been favored, but the large Auburn line, outweighing the Volunteers by some 33 pounds per man, was just too overbearing in the heavy going of a rainy afternoon.

FOOTBALL: SECOND WEEK

CAME THE UPSETS

With the college season in full swing, an abnormally large crop of upsets lent the kind of spice that makes every autumn weekend just a bit more tangy. There were, too, the

inipided early returns that the favorites are bound to register, but obviously football still held plenty of surprises. For more of the second week's action, turn the page



HAND. Dick Witten, UCLA end, makes like Miss Liberty as he spears ball one-handed for the most sensational catch of week. Play like this helped UCLA upset Illinois 16-4.



LEGS. Notes like this in the middle of the Ohio State line caused what may have been the most surprising score of the week: TCU 18, Ohio State 14. Here, TCU's Marvin Lanster (33) is shown logging it on a 16-yard touchdown run in the first quarter. OSU's Quarterback Frank Kneibler (22) watches helplessly at right.



FLASHBACK: In 1945, camera caught 8-year-old Dick Donelli, Columbia's mascot, rooting for the Lions. His father, Alde, was



then backfield coach. Donelli struck a similar pose before quarterbacking Lions to a 23-29 upset over Brown. Pop is now head coach.



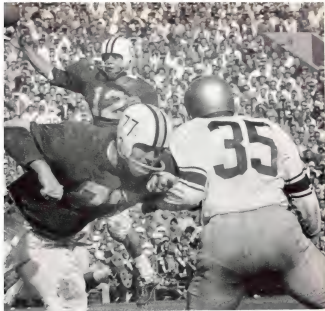
STARVATION. Stanford Halfback Chuck Shea (with ball) was one of the surprise ground weapons used by air-minded Indians in beating Northwestern 26-6. Hungry Williams and their slippery Bub McElroy were heavily hampered by penalties.

ENTRECHAT. Most fascinating play of the week produced this ballet tableau. Tom O'Connor of Drexel caught New Haven Touchdown Pete Leahy two yards short of touchdowns after a 34-yard chase. New Haven won 33-2 for 11th straight.



BEWARE OF BOBBY COX





This linebacker's eye view of the Minnesota-Washington game shows Minnesota Quarterback Rocky Cox passing for short

yardage in the third quarter. Cox tossed for one touchdown, engineered three other TD drives to beat the Huskies 45-7.

THE BOULDER CLIFF HANGER

I just don't think I'll be able to come next week," said the distraught lady to Colorado Coach Dallas Ward. Colorado had just beaten Utah 30-24 in an exciting cliff hanger which was decided with the aid of a freak interception that backfired with just 41 seconds left in the game.

"Lady," replied an equally distraught Ward, "I don't think I'll be able to come next week either. I can't take any more like this."

The game was a thriller and definitely not for people with weak hearts.

Colorado's Buffaloes appeared to be on their way to an easy afternoon when they scored early in the first quarter on a long pass play. But first appearances are deceiving sometimes. Before the half ended, the Utes matched the first two Colorado touchdowns and trailed 14-14 only because of an untimely safety.

As the second half began, the drama mounted, and the 85° heat began to frazzle the crowd and the players. However, it was the big, heavily favored Colorado boys who first showed signs of fatigue.

Colorado scored in the third quarter, but Utah matched it in the fourth. With 11 minutes to play, 2 points still separated the teams, and trailing Utah

was beginning to falter on the Colorado 20, Coach Curtiss sent in End George Bose, who nonchalantly kicked a perfect field goal to put Utah in the lead for the first time 24-23. Then, still in their own territory, the Buffs got one of those breaks that leave coaches mumbling. A Buff pass sailed straight into the arms of a Utah defender. The interceptor started go-ahead, but the ball didn't, instead slithered through his arms and into the clatching paws of Colorado Back Boyd Dowler. Several plays later, and with the clock showing 41 seconds remaining, Left Half Bob Stranaky plunged for a final Colorado touchdown to end the scoring in the seesaw battle of the week.

—BAYARD ROOPER

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TRAVAILS OF A T BACK

by **DON PARKER**

Doyle Traylar, who quarterbacked his Baylor teammates against Miami Saturday, is a walking catalog of football injuries

WHEN Quarterback Doyle Traylar appears in the Orange Bowl against Miami's Hurricanes Saturday evening it will not be entirely through the courtesy of Baylor University. In all fairness, the Johnson & Johnson bandage people and U.S. Steel must share some of the credit.

Traylar, who was the finest school-boy passer to come out of Texas since Sammy Baugh, is literally pieced together with surgical baling wire and adhesive. The injuries he has received while playing for the Waco Bears could fill a small medical book and might very well have hampered a playing career that promised to surpass anything that has been written about football, fact or fiction.

"Hard luck. That's all the kid has had," says Baylor Coach Sam Boyd. "Never gets hurt in a game, always in practice. He's not brittle or frail like some people say. He just plays harder and has more guts than most and the damndest luck you ever saw."

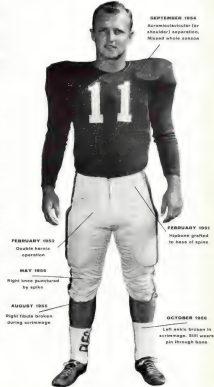
Watching the effortless grace of his movements on the field it is difficult to believe that Traylar had ever suffered anything more serious than a slight cold. Yet his left ankle, broken last year, is held together with a steel pin; his collarbone, cracked two years before, was mended with more hardware; a vertebra, down low in the hollow of his back, was replaced with a bone graft from his hip; his right fibula, broken two years ago in practice, still has to be taped tightly, carefully, every time he puts on a football suit. And there are the scars from a double hernia and splittings.

Despite all his misfortune, Traylar remains the good-humored sparkplug of the Baylor Bears.

"The team goes better with him in there," says Boyd. "They respect him. He has a rare quality of leadership that demands and gets the very best out of a player."

During a practice session at Waco, about 10 blocks from the quiet Baylor campus, Traylar demonstrated what Boyd

outlined



SEPTEMBER 1954
Acromioclavicular (or
shoulder) separation.
Mended whole season

FEBRUARY 1955
Hyaline grafted
to base of spine

FEBRUARY 1955
Double hernia
operation

MAY 1955
Right knee punctured
by spike

AUGUST 1955
Right fibula broken
during scrimmage

OCTOBER 1955
Left ankle broken in
scrimmage. Steel
pin through bone

BAYLOR FAKE AND PASS



THIS "HOME RUN" PLAY is one of Baylor's favorite long passes, though to retain surprise value it can only be used once or twice during a game. Baylor splits right, fakes handoff to fullback (33) going up the middle, then fakes to left half (22) running wide

to right. This draws linebackers in close. The ends, meanwhile, break down and out pulling defensive halfbacks to sidelines while right half (44) breaks down the middle. Thus, Taylor has three receivers in the deep, while only two men are covering.

BAYLOR CAN MOVE BY LAND OR AIR

The Bears have everything but a breakaway runner. Quarterback Doyle Taylor (11), one of the best passers in college football, has four top receivers including Co-Captain Jerry Marcontell (86) so watch for a lot of passing. Fullback Larry Hickman will be in charge of the short yardage. He is a vicious runner and has exceptional balance. The line, with Guard Clyde Lettetter (59) and Tackle Charles Bradshaw (77) is big, strong and tough on both offense and defense.



HICKMAN, 33



MARCONTELL, 86



LETTETTER, 59



BRADSHAW, 77

MIAMI GRINDS ITS YARDAGE ON THE GROUND

Offensively, the Hurricanes are about the same as last year except for a strong fullback; and it is the fullback who makes their drive series go. In John Varone (31) and Joe Flavel (33), Miami has two good, hard-running halfbacks who are also steady on defense. Tackles Charlie Diamond (75) and Gary Greaves (71) are the bulwarks of the line, while Quarterbacks Bonnie Yarbrough (11) and Fran Curti (15), both lefties, provide a serious and confusing pass threat.



VARONE, 31



FLAVEL, 33



DIAMOND, 75



GREAVES, 71

T BACK

continued

meant. His backfield moved into position behind the hulking Baylor line and on the snap of the ball broke like eager cow ponies pounding after a stray steer. As they ran, the backs made yipping noises and their cleats raised little dust puffs which seemed to exaggerate their speed. They would run 15 yards or so, then hustle back to run the play again. Traylor's first unit was always back fastest. Between plays he kept up an incessant chatter, encouraging, kidding, chiding, praising. Once he called for a pass to his right tackle, Charley Bradshaw, a lumbering, 6-foot-6, 240-pound giant. Bradshaw caught the pass with all the awkward grace of a St. Bernard, then beamed while his teammates ragged him. It was illegal but it was fun. And Traylor believes firmly that football should be fun.

THE TALK IN TEMPLE

This is Traylor's last year with the Bears, and he has yet to play a full season. "Maybe I've used up all my bad luck," he says hopefully. "It sure would be nice to play out this year." It would be interesting, too, to see if Traylor could be as effective in college as he was in high school gives a chance to play full time. In three years at Temple High School he broke every schoolboy passing record ever set in Texas, surpassing even the great Single' Sammy Baugh. He completed 273 of his 564 passes for the staggering total of 5,168 yards and 80 touchdowns. Every college in the country was after him, including Notre Dame, but Doyle, a staunch Baptist, chose Baylor, only 30 miles from home. It was in high school that Traylor first began to have trouble with his back. He wore a cumbersome brace all during his junior year and, despite this handicap, he paced for 34 touchdowns. The folks in Temple still talk about his memorable performance that year.

Although Traylor has spent more time in Waco's Hillcrest Hospital than he has playing football for Baylor, his teammates elected him their co-captain this year as a sign of the affection and esteem in which they held him. "Thank you all," said Traylor at the banquet. "I know all my friends at Hillcrest are going to be proud of me."

Larry Hickman, Traylor's powerful running mate at fullback, fairly bristled when it was suggested that the team might be overly protective of Doyle when he is in a game. "Shoot,

continued

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he can take care of his self better" anytime on the squad," Hickman drawled. "Doyle's tough. He don't need no protection. Ever time he got hurt in practice, there weren't no way anybody could help gettin' hurt. Like one time I remember his cleats stuck just when he got tackled. Snapped his anklebone just like that. It woulda snapped anybody's ankle with the cleats stuck like that."

Against Villanova in the season opener a fortnight ago, Traylor's defensive play was outstanding, and he showed no sign of holding back for fear of injury. He recovered a Villanova fumble on his own 2-yard line early in the game to stave off a sure score—one that might have ended the game in a 7-7 tie instead of a 7-0 Baylor win. Midway in the third period he made a splendid running interception and returned the ball 40 yards down the sidelines to the Villanova 38. The interception pulled Baylor out of a hole and set up the team's lone score.

"I got a little annoyed when people hint that maybe I'm fragile," he says. "Last time I got hurt—when I broke my ankle—they had to operate and put a pin in it. I asked the doctor then if there was something constitutionally wrong with me. He took all sorts of tests and said I was as sound as anyone he ever examined."

Miami, despite its opening day loss to Houston, is a team Baylor will be printing for. "You can't hold back and play for next week in this league," says Clyde Letbetter, the right guard who has been drafted by the Green Bay Packers. "You hold back on a team like Miami, and they're going to beat you. When this team gets beat, it gets depressed; and you don't play your best when you're depressed. I'd rather play every game like it was the Sugar Bowl; hard, tough. We'll be out to beat that line on Saturday. Miami's a ground-power team, nothing fancy, nothing tricky. They got two-three good quarterbacks all of them left-handed passers and we got to watch them. A lefty is tricky. They don't have to stop, turn and throw. They just throw . . . whiz . . . quick before you know what's happened. They'll stay on the ground mostly, and we feel that any team that stays on the ground, we're gonna stop them sometime."

Traylor, Letbetter, Bradshaw and Hickman are close friends, and though the latter three have accumulated far more playing time than Doyle, they

would not think of questioning his judgment on the field.

"We try to make it a rule not to talk in the huddles," says Traylor. "The guys are pretty good about it, too. I'll call a wrong play every once in a while, and maybe they'll know it won't work, but they try like crazy to make it go."

DOYLE IS IN CHARGE

Letbetter chimed in:

"Now sometimes big Charley [Bradshaw] or me, we'll come back to the huddle and we'll say 'I can move my man pretty good' or 'I can trap this guy,' and old Doyle he'll call the play. But the rest of the time—Doyle, he's in charge and he does all the talking."

On offense, Baylor will be using the air lanes with much more frequency than last year, thanks to Traylor. Last week, for instance, Doyle completed 11 of 15 passes to aid Baylor's 14-6 win over Houston. During a recent practice he spent most of the afternoon throwing short button hooks and spots. "I'd rather throw short," he said, "because nowadays most defenses won't let a receiver get behind them. They'll let you get the short yardage and play to stop the home run." He had worked up a head of steam under the hot Texas sun. Sweat ran in tiny rivers from under his helmet and converged at his chin to form a little waterfall which splashed down the front of his jersey.

"The important thing when you go back to pass is not to look. You look for your receiver, and the linebacker will have the play just like you sent him a telegram. I run back maybe five or six yards, just as fast as I can, look straight up the middle and then just when I throw I spot my man. The long ones don't work so much any more. You got to pull the defense in with short stuff to set them up for the long one. Maybe you can try for two home runs a game, not much more."

Traylor does not consider himself as good a runner as Louis (Buddy) Humphrey, the second unit quarterback. Consequently he leaves most of the footwork up to his halfbacks and fullback. "When we get down close and need that yard or two for the first down or the touchdowns, I'd much rather run my fullback than try a sneak," he will tell you. "I led a fullback gets a lot more power than a quarterback on a sneak, and I'll call for the fullback most every time."

While Miami has dropped from the national ratings as a result of its surprise loss to Houston in the season opener, the Hurricanes are a team that

could spell the chances for many a Bowl hopeful, and Baylor is again looking forward to a New Year's date. So Saturday's game will be of vital importance to Coach Sam Boyd. Boyd is more than satisfied with his line—the biggest and the most powerful in the Southwest Conference, if not the nation—but is troubled by the lack of a breakaway threat in the backfield. "What we really need," he explains, "is that speed we had with Del Shafter last year. We've got some fast kids but they are either rookies or sprinters. A rookie needs experience. A sprinter—well, a sprinter can run fast but you hit him just a little bit and over he goes. He just don't have the balance. Sure, we got strong runners like Larry Hickman, and, I suppose, if you turn them loose long enough they'll bang away for the yardage. But we haven't got a real breakaway threat. Traylor, now, he's a great passer. Above average on defense. They may think they can pick on him, but he's gonna stay right in there and be tough. He's got determination. Guts."

By Saturday, Boyd may have found himself a replacement for Shafter. A sophomore, Austin Gonosulis, and a junior, Dick Clark, have shown up extremely well for so early in the season and may earn starting roles.

Miami, on the other hand, will have a new look. After the Houston game Hurricanes Coach Andy Gustafson reached for his pencil and cheerfully stabbed at the names on his roster. The result was, and is, that Baylor will start against the strongest lineup Gustafson can present, and—until this unit drops—it will stand and fight against what many claim is the best pair of lines in college football.

Gustafson even considers the loss to tough Houston a blessing of sorts. At least, the wild-eyed Miami clientele will not be howling for a national championship in every game from now on. And his own protestations about this reserves were shown to be completely justified. While neither of the two units he employed against Houston rambled far in the face of an efficient defense and excellent pursuit, Miami's number one unit allowed the Cougars only 45 yards in 32 formations; the second group, however, gave the Cougars everything but the water bucket—158 yards in 19 efforts. With two weeks off in which to nurse hurt feelings and bruise, the revamped Hurricane could blow up a real storm for Traylor and company on Saturday night. But it is rather doubtful that the Bees will arrive expecting fair weather. (C.M.)



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RUN FOR THE MONEY

(continued from page 35)

off the tail of the fullback; you can't square the route. By that I mean you can't run to the side and then cut in at the hole—you got to go right at it."

He stretched with the easy elasticity of a big hunting cat and, holding the pipe by the bowl, waved the stem slowly and didactically to accentuate the points he wanted to make.

"Just the speed is not enough," he said. "In a broken field, I've found it more beneficial to go right at a defensive halfback at slow speed. Naturally, he don't know you're going slow because he can't judge your speed when you're coming right straight at him, then you can pivot and put on that burst of speed and he'll miss you just a little bit. That's all you need—that little bit of speed. Then you got to remember to stay away from the sidelines because you can't evade tacklers there—they use the sidelines for another tackler."

Matsen sat up on the edge of the cot and rubbed a shin gently. His leg is poked and scarred with the stigmas of the trade of a running back in the National Football League and he explored the scars gently with the tips of surprisingly slender fingers.

"Like I said, this is a very rough game," he said. "But it has never been any rougher on me because of my race. I can say there was never any prejudice against me. I found out one thing—if you're a good player, everybody is out to get you. Not dirty, just hitting extra hard. You find a few rookies attempting illegal tactics, but it gets around the league and everybody gets after him. You got to understand it is a job and you got a family, so you play hard but not dirty. You don't understand these tactics, one day you'll be outa place, you won't see this man coming, and whosm' they call the stretcher bearers. But I don't mean dirty. Rough, tough, hard. The writers sometimes make it appear dirty, but they misunderstand. It has come to my attention that the only ones who get injured are the ones goofing off, trying to get out of doing what they should. You must be alert and smart out there all the time."

Matsen unconsciously smoothed the long, thin-line mustache he wears. He looked down again at the scarred legs and smiled.

"I would not want you to get the idea that this game is not a pleasure to play," he said. "I get very much pleasure out of it. I like to run and block and catch passes. Even when you are not in the play, you can have fun testing your opponent. I always run out my laces, I figure the thing to do is keep those opponents upset all the time. It is very imperative that you run out the laces. Another thing. In college, you're fighting for the old alma mater and that makes it a pleasure. When you get to pro ball, you're doing what you want to do and you're getting paid for it and that makes it an even greater pleasure. There's

not as much rah, rah on a pro club, but the guys try just as hard."

He rubbed his leg again and flexed one hand, holding the wrist.

"I've taken some beatings up here," he said. "I really have. The Philadelphia Eagles are always a tough team on me. Chuck Bednarik is one of the greatest linebackers in the business. He's smart, he sits back and thinks 'What's gonna happen on this play?' and he hits. That Bednarik's a smart boy. It's not how big you are, it's how smart. You can be big and a little fellow who weighs 225 pounds can move you. Most people think it's brute force, but it's not at all. Another thing. You can't be cautious up here. The cautious ones get hurt because they try to evade the shock.

What you have to do is keep running hard, then the man will get more shock than you. And you got to know when to relax. Last year against the Steelers I went way up in the air to catch a pass and the halfback ran under me and I came down on my neck. Many people thought I was seriously injured, but I wasn't hurt at all because I relaxed and I know how to fall and protect myself. This was not hard for me to learn. No part of football is hard for me to pick up because I love it as much. Broken-field running is a godly given gift, and I never take the ball without thinking 'Six points.' I'm disappointed if I don't make a long run in a game because I know people come and pay their good money to see me make long runs, and I like to please them. It was hard for me when I first came up to pro ball. I was used to making three or four touchdowns a game in college and I only make one or two a game with the pros, and it was much harder. But the greatest thrill for me is winning the game, no matter who scores the touchdowns."

Stan West, a 260-pound middle linebacker for the Cardinals, who was an All-America guard at Oklahoma, wandered into Matsen's room and sat down by him on the cot, which creaked dangerously.

"Someday," he said sadly, "I'd like to finish somewhere besides last in the wind sprints."

Matsen chuckled.

"You got to know how to run," he said. "A little thing like not running in a perfectly straight line can cost you. Maybe you just toe out an inch or so on each stride but you add that up for a hundred yards and it makes maybe a yard or two. And you must know how to breathe."

He looked at West and went "psh hoo!"

West looked back at him blankly.

"Psh hoo!" said Matsen again, blowing his breath out in an explosive gust on the PCM and sucking it back as quickly on the hoo! "Psh hoo! That's how you got to breathe when you're getting near the end of the wind sprints. You usually run all the way on one breath. You get out of oxygen and the air gets cold. Then when you go psh hoo you get rid of the old air and get in some fresh air and

continued

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RUN FOR THE MONEY

continued

it gives you a sort of jet takeoff again. You try it, Stan."

Went went "puh hee" experimentally, then tried again louder. "No one ever told me how to run," he said gratefully. "I'll try that."

Went wandered out again, still going "puh hee" like a steam locomotive, and Matson stretched out on the cot. He laid the pipe down carefully on the floor and closed his eyes, then opened them again and smiled apologetically.

"Man gets awful tired on these two-day workouts," he said. "I usually sleep after lunch. If you don't mind, I think I'll nap a while and we can resume our discussion later."

Matson came to the Cardinals in 1952, then spent the 1953 season at Fort Ord. He played service football for two years and returned to the Cardinals to play a few games in 1954. He is one of the great runners in the game today and ranked second to the Chicago Bears' Rick Casares in ground-gaining in 1955. He runs with a beautiful, gliding motion which carries him so smoothly that he does not give the impression of great speed. He might be even faster, but, unlike many half-backs, he wears a full suit of heavy pads to protect himself from the average beating a back takes from the giant men in professional football.

PATTERNS FOR PASSIONS

After the Cardinals had worked hard for two hours in the afternoon, Matson stayed out a little longer to work on pass patterns with rookie Quarterback Paul Larson. He ran the patterns all out in the ground-eating, leaping stride he has. He is big—4 feet 2 and 210 pounds—and his legs are thick and powerful-looking from calf to thigh. He ran effortlessly, and it took Larson a while to gauge his speed properly. Finally a long pass hung perfectly, and Matson, looking back at the last moment, ran under the ball and caught it.

"That's the way, man!" he yelled happily to Larson. "Hang it up there and let me run under it."

He trotted to the sidelines and stopped. The linemen were ending their workout with the inevitable wind sprints and the ground rumbled as the giants labored downfield. Went came by running hard, his face intent. As he came by Matson, he let out a thunderous "puh hee!" and churned on.

"You not last, Stan!" Matson yelled as loud as he could and laughed. "Don't forget. Puh hee!" (E.R.B.)

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A FAMILY AFFAIR

Sports Illustrated, a Johnny came lately, sends a member of the immediate family to cover the New York Giants' last rites at the Polo Grounds

by ARNOLD HANO

IT WAS a few minutes before one o'clock in the afternoon, and Willie Mays and Valney Thomas were socializing in center field of the Polo Grounds with Pittsburgh Pirate Outfielder Jim彭德頓, against all the rules of the game. It was obviously going to be that sort of day.

Wafted across the field, through the gravel-throated public-address system, sweet music entertained the early crowd. A fan sang softly, "Sweetheart, if you should stray / A million miles away / I'll always be in love with you." It was that sort of day.

The sky was gray, and there was a ring around a hazy yellow sun. It was also that sort of day.

A fan walked through the bleachers. "Wanna buy a crying towel?" he said. "Buy a set of crying towels."

There were no other vendors. You couldn't buy a scorecard in the bleachers. You couldn't buy a hot dog or coffee. The vendors hadn't showed up. The concession stand was open, though. You could get a beer. There are two big signs in the Polo Grounds that read: "Have a Knick." The concession man was selling Ballantine's.

At 1:32 the public-address announcer said, "Will the guests of the Giants assemble at home plate?" A fan near the third-base boxes snarled, "We're the guests, you jerk."

Guest obitimers loomed on the field, and I walked through the park, on this, the last day the Giants were to play baseball in the Polo Grounds. The flags atop the stadium lay dead against their poles. There was no bunting.

But it was a good day for a ball game. There was, at times, a picnic atmosphere to the proceedings. Bobby

Thomson, playing at third base, scurried in for a topped roller, failed to come up with the ball, and laughed out loud. In center field, for no apparent reason, Willie Mays took off his glove an inning later and drop-kicked it six feet. Don Mueller twice fumbled base hits near the right-field fence, permitting Pirate runners to advance. Neither time did the official scorer give Mueller an error. A fan in the bleachers said to me, "Maybe the official scorer didn't show up either." There was a wild pitch and a hit batsman and blop hits of every type. Darryl Spencer and Dusty Rhodes moved under a fly ball and then each let it fall, uncollected. The base running was so bad there were three outfield assists in the first inning and a ball.

The fans showered thunderous applause on Doubletongue Wes Westmore when he came up to bat for the first

time. They roared their pleasure when Willie Mays made a tremendous throw to nail a Pirate who was trying to stretch a triple at the plate. They were kind enough not to point out that Dusty Rhodes had relayed the ball to Mays in so sloppy a fashion it had seemed impossible even for Mays to make the throw in time. A gang of kids in the bleachers began to parade around with a large sign: STAY TEAM STAY. A fan started his own cheer: "Go, Horace, go."

There was huge and happy applause when the scoreboard showed that the Dodgers had lost to the Phils 2-1. When Jahlouski walked to open the sixth inning, Giant fans began to whoop it up, even though they trailed by six runs. The rally failed but the fans stood valiantly in the home half of the seventh. A comic in section 12 said, "If the Giants don't win this one, there'll be nobody here tomorrow."

But it wasn't until the game ended—the last game the Giants were ever to play in the Polo Grounds—that the fan, or a reasonable facsimile of fan, really began. In the ninth inning, the public address had blared out its usual cautionary note about fans not entering onto the playing field until the players and the umpires had reached the clubhouse. The response had been a lusty, gasty jeer.

Then the Giants came up and went down swiftly, but not before the fans had stood and cheered as Willie Mays stepped into the batter's box for the last time. And when Mays grounded out, they cheered him some more, which certainly must be the first time in the history of the Polo Grounds that a great hitter was applauded after he

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Not many persons have had a better opportunity to fall hopelessly in love with a baseball club than Arnold Hano. Raised near the Polo Grounds and armed with his grandfather's season pass, young Hano was something of a permanent fixture around the Giants' field as early as the age of 4. After sandwiching college and a career as a reporter and editor between ball games, Hano in 1955 received his consuming passion for the Giants in a slim but sensitive volume, *A Day in the Bleachers* (Crown, \$3), a memorable addition to the literature of baseball.

called to him. The game ended as anticlimactically as possible: Dusty Rhodes hit a double ground ball to shortstop and was thrown out. Nobody seemed to be aware that the man in the end-of-the-circle, waiting to bat, was Bobby Thomson.

Nobody could have been aware, actually. For as the game ended, the stadium erupted. Fans streamed past cops and Bureau Agency armed guards. The Giants raced toward the clubhouse, 11,000 people in hot pursuit. Dusty Rhodes reached the bleacher stairs that lead to the dressing room in what had to be record-breaking time. Mays ran with his cap held tightly to his breast. The faces of the Giants were stunned, nearly frightened. A ballplayer ran into a boy and knelt him spinning. A cop grabbed the ballplayer. They pushed each other briefly. Then the player pulled free and went up the stairs. Men and boys dug up the bases. The canopy over the right-field bullpen came splintering down. A piece of the left-field canopy was ripped off. The telephones in the bullpens were yanked up. Fans tore the green covering from the outfield fences and discovered to their delight a layer of translucent fluff. It came away easily. Samples of the Polo Grounds' soil were stuffed into paper bags and glass jars that appeared out of thin air, or into coat pockets. Someone uprooted home plate, and a dozen men fought for possession of it. Jeff Chandler, the movie actor, went up the Giant dressing-room steps, unnoticed.

The fans gathered on the field between and in front of the two bleacher sections, alternately cheering and jeering. They chanted, "Stay, team, stay," and then switched to, "We want Stonehairs." A wag changed this to, "We want to stone him." They cried, "We want Willie." They cried, "Hang Stonehairs." A little boy said to his father, standing in the bleachers, "I want to see." His father said, "There's nothing to see."

I started out through the left-center-field exit ramp. A car-walker went by carrying a Ladies' Room sign. A man said, "What was the final score?" Another man said, "I don't know. Who cares?" For the benefit of those who do, it was Pirates 9, Giants 1—E.D.

It was a crazy-quiet, self-intoxicating crowd. The loudest cheer, as I recall, had been saved for a fan's one-handed catch of a foul fly hit into the right-field stands. The fans had been out to see the other fans, and to be seen. It was a last-ditch show, and they were making the most of it.

But real Giant fans, whatever that means: go to ball games not to run off with the bases. They go because they love baseball and because they want to see the Giants play. The season and a history ended on Sunday, September 29. There was another game the day before. On Saturday, 3,000 people, searching only for the souvenirs that can be translated into a scorecard in the fan's hieroglyphics at 6-6-3, went up to the Polo Grounds, simply to see a Giant ball game. I went along.

I took a subway to the Polo Grounds on Saturday, the way I always used to. On Sunday, I took a cab.

On Saturday, coming up the subway steps, a man said to me, "It's the wrong day for a funeral. It ought to be raining or something."

It was the wrong day, indeed. September, with her ludicrous and mercurial talent for being a little bit like yesterday's summer and a little bit like tomorrow's winter, was her own sweet tangy self, the faintest breeze scampering through the crystalline high sky.

I stopped, before entering the Polo Grounds, and viewed a sign above the ticket windows. It read: "Report and 'Short Change' list must be to the N.Y. Giants B.B.C." A fan sidled alongside. He said to me, "By air mail, they mean."

Inside the Polo Grounds, on Saturday, Roy Goodman, an 18-year-old sophomore engineering student at NYC, said to me, "This place is a dump hole; the Stadium is a real class joint." Roy Goodman is a peanut vendor at the Polo Grounds for 77 games and at the Yankee Stadium for 77.

"You throw something on the field here," Roy Goodman said, "somebody comes along and throws it out. In the Stadium, you throw something on the field, they throw you out." Roy Goodman makes about \$20 a day vending at the Yankee Stadium, across the Harlem. At the Polo Grounds he averages about \$10 a day. The reason that he makes \$20 at the Stadium and only \$10 at the Polo Grounds is very simple, Goodman explains. The Yankees draw twice as many people.

Under the stands where he'd been tending a grubby but neat souvenir stand for the Harry M. Stevens race-casino people, Joe Canessa said, "It hits your pocketbook. But nobody really knows what's going to happen. Maybe some other club will move in here. Maybe Stevens will move everybody out to Frisco. Then it won't be so bad." Canessa has six children. His wife is pregnant. "I'm a Giant fan," he said. He laughed. "That's why I'm always broke."

On the field, Rennie Kline and Ruben Gomez began to warm up. The base paths were whisked and rolled smooth. The first batter stepped in, and the public-address announcer sounded like an announcer in the vast cavernous emptiness. The cheers were sitting, watching the game.

Samuel Plastic, whose 12 years on the job made him the senior usher at the Polo Grounds in point of service, said: "They can't tear down this park. This is the best. Wrigley Field has try, maybe, but this place is the best. Three years ago they knew they were going to move. They could have built

continued



VIEW OF FINAL GAME IN THE POLO GROUNDS. FANS SEARCHING FOR SECOND BASEMAN.

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FAMILY AFFAIR

continued

another parking lot then, but they knew. Old man Stoneham wouldn't have let them go."

He took a fan's ticket and wiped off a seat. He pocketed a quarter. The fan said, "Yeah, and now they got a library across the street instead. Not a restaurant within miles of this place, and they got to build a library across the street. No wonder nobody comes here any more."

On the field, Willie Mays came up. He lifted a pop foul off third base and Pirate Third Baseman Gene Fereze failed to make the catch, falling on his back. A fan yelled, "All right, Willie, you got a life, you got a life." Mays watched a curve ball curl over the outside corner for the third strike.

In the reserved seats behind first base, Daniel Ferrone sat well bundled in a topcoat. Ferrone is 79 years old and has been watching the Giants play at the Polo Grounds since 1893. "They charged 75c for the grandstand—it was just a wooden stand then—and 50c for the bleachers." Another fan said, "Sir," Ferrone ignored him. "They threw a piece of canvas overhead in the bleacher section, it came it rained."

Ferrone, now a retired shoe-factory foreman, saw the first Giant game of the 1893 season—against Brooklyn. The Giants lost 7-4.

Freda Axler, a large woman in a red coat with fur trim, sitting a few rows in front of Ferrone, began to cry. "Now I know it's coming to an end," she said to me. "Why do you have to sit there taking notes?"

Freda Axler pointed to the side she was sitting in. "See that?" It was row D. "D for Durocher," she said. She pointed to the seat. It was number 20. "Twenty," she said. "Two-oh. Durocher's number was two. When Leo was here, never a day went by he didn't wave from the playing field and yell hello to section 12."

Freda Axler said, "I'm heartbroken. This will be a ghost town without the Giants. They'll just have to have another team here. They just can't tear this place down. I definitely couldn't root for an American League team." Freda Axler, who lives on the Lower East Side, planned to be up at 5:30 Wednesday morning for the opener of the World Series. "To root for Milwaukee," she added ardently. She was carrying a copy of the \$66 souvenir program for the 1954 Giant-Indian World Series. On the back

cover was a photograph of fans at the Polo Grounds. "That's me, sitting there," she said, pointing.

Freda Asder began to cry again. "It's an awful raw deal."

I went outside and walked to the bleacher entrance and up the ramp. The sun seemed brighter and warmer.

Mays singled, but Jablonski and Sauer went out.

"It's a damn shame," a fan said. "Stoneham should have sold this team. Yawkey offered him \$3 million for it." Another fan said, "You're in business. I don't see you selling out. A man's in business, he likes it, he doesn't sell out." Another fan said, "The Giants can drop dead, for all I care. I never did like them. I never did like those 1-4 games, Hubbell and the rest."

Mays came up in the bottom of the sixth and a fan yelled, "There's the world's greatest center fielder. He's the greatest center fielder in the last 175 years."

Another fan said, "How about Mantle?"

The fan said, "He's a phony bum. He's an Irish bum. He ought to go back to Ireland and drink a Mickey Fin." Everybody laughed. Mays fled softly to right field.

William Green, who is recuperating from a heart condition, figured he saw about 50 to 60 games this year. He'll be 64 on October 10. "I feel very sad," he said. He preferred sitting in the bleachers. "It's not that I don't have the money. Sometimes I take a cab from the house—I live in the west Bronx—for \$1.50, just to come here and sit in the bleachers."

From the third row of bleachers, near the green screen on the left-field side, Louis Kleppel occasionally watched the game through heavy German field glasses. He has been watching the Giants for 47 years. "I made the road trip with the Giants in '61. Every day I'd shake Bobby Thomson's hand. I gave him a lift, a psycho-kinetic push. I went to Chicago with them and Eddie Brannick got me a seat behind the Giant dugout and I got Thomson going good. Shaking hands with me did something to him. Then Brannick threw that fast ball on the wrist."

Kleppel used to collect money from Polo Grounds bleacher fans, so that he could present watches to Giant ballplayers. "I got 12 watches. I got them for Sal, for Westman, Janssen, Irvin, Mays, Dark, Thomson, Lockman, Mueller, Hank Thompson, Shell-enback—for doing such a great job with the pitchers—and Bobby Hod-

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FAMILY AFFAIR

continued

man, for all those pinch-hit runs. Then I started to collect money for an Ansonelli Day, but they stopped me. I turned \$18.50 over to the Damon Runyon Fund. Here, I'll show you the clipping."

Kleppel saw about 50 Giant games in 1957, 25 to 40 Yankee games and 20 to 30 Dodger games. He turned to a young boy behind him. "Don't chew so loud. It's not nice. I'm talking." Kleppel is a bachelor. "I married baseball," he said.

The Giants threatened in the eighth when Gomez hit his second double, but Harris and Mueller went down. The game moved into the ninth, scoreless.

Kleppel took a baseball from his pocket and read the inscription: "To my friend with all good wishes, Walter Sam Crawford, August 23, 1957, Hall of Fame, July 22, 1967." Kleppel is having the ball autographed by outfielders only.

Kleppel once tried to get baseball fans to volunteer to give blood, but he was advised to drop the idea. "They thought baseball was a recreation, just for fun, and you shouldn't remind people of serious things. They don't realize that man is attached to each other man. Man is a Siamese twin, but he doesn't know it."

The only home run ever hit into the center-field bleachers—by Joe Adcock—landed between Kleppel's legs. "I've got a bad back, a sciatica. So I couldn't bend. Somebody else picked up the ball and sold it for \$25."

On the field in front of Kleppel, Frank Thomas lofted a high fly along the left-field foul line. It fell into the upper deck for a home run.

The announcer cautioned the fans about walking on the playing field. A fan said, "What for? To save the field for houses?"

The shadows lengthened, covering right field and half the infield. Willie Mays came up and hit a long fly to center field, near the bleacher wall. A fan said, "That's all right, Willie. Home run in San Francisco." Paper littered the grass. Children ran the bases. The fans, barely 3,000 of them, filed out.

On Sunday—the formal last day—there were nearly 12,000 people in the Polo Grounds. I didn't see Freda Axler or Daniel Ferrone. Louis Kleppel wasn't sitting where he usually sat. They may have been there; I don't know. It doesn't matter. The immediate family had paid its respects. (F.R.R.)



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Kentucky Kingmaker

At Louisville a dark horse won, an old champion made a comeback, and The Lemon Drop Kid conquered all

by ALICE HIGGINS

THE Kentucky State Fair Horse Show, that king-making event in the Saddle Horse world, a fortnight ago drew a fine group of old favorites back to Louisville for new triumphs, turned out-of-favor candidates into new champions, and with a fairy-tale touch elevated one dark horse to fame.

Among the champions of past and present, however, none tingled the spine and tightened the throat more than that incredible fine harness horse, The Lemon Drop Kid. "Louisville loves Lemon," said Irene Kane, Sunnyslope Farms' manager, before the show, "and Lemon just loves applause. He'll do well." "Well" is hardly the word to describe what Lemon did, since unfortunately all the right words have been used too often on ordinary horses.

But Louisville's discriminating spec-

tators knew how to give votes to his excellence. Once Jay Utz had driven him through the gate into a ring that was full of good horses, they singled him out, and the applause that Lemon loves never stopped. With the verve and *joie de vivre* that all great showmen have, Lemon floated regally over the tashark. Master showman that he is, his performance literally moved one judge to tears—and moved everyone to proclaim him a champion again.

The Lemon Drop Kid was unforgettable, but so was the combination of blonde Joan Robinson and her beautiful gray mare, Beloved Belinda. The mare had placed third earlier in the week, but when she came back in the amateur five-gaited stakes she was more than ready to do battle with her archrival, King Lee, owned by Kathryn

Mearns. The more Beloved Belinda worked the better she got and the easier it all looked. King Lee left the ring before the class was tied. So Joan rode Beloved Belinda into the spotlight and the amateur championship for no less than the fourth time.

And then there was Storm Cloud, an obscure bush league horse who burst into the big time. Actually, it was no accident. Louisville's Helen Crabtree had been watching Storm Cloud as he was shown with limited success in Iowa, biding her time until his owners were ready to sell. Then she passed and bought him for Lynne Girdler.

Storm Cloud was a dark horse literally as well as figuratively, and as the Minion Memorial three-gaited class got under way it was clear that he was stealing the show. But for a moment Storm Cloud seemed about to lose his hard-earned honor; a blemish was found in one eye. If he were blind he would face disqualification. Although Helen Crabtree and Lynne were well away of the blemish, there were some anxious moments until their knowledge was publicly confirmed by the show's veterinarian. Storm Cloud was proclaimed sound and the winner.

The five-gaited world's championship stake brought the real climax of the show. All week long, owners and spectators had eyed the blank space on the wall, waiting to see which horse would join the five-gaited greats whose names decorate Freedom Hall. Then the gate opened, and to the strains of *My Old Kentucky Home* the 11 contenders burst into the ring at a trot.

In that first expectant hush no horse was going higher and bolder than two-time world champion Lady Carrigan, who last year could not even qualify for the stake. But that was last year—this season Garland Bradshaw had ridden her to victory at every show they entered. His brother Frank Bradshaw, however, was also on a high-powered horse, Jelle Richardson's Garrymore.

After the horses were stripped and their conformation considered, the judges sent all the horses but Lady Carrigan and Garrymore out for a second work. Then the callbirds settled in to await the duel for first between the brothers. But the judges had seen enough: the new world champion had been decided—Lady Carrigan. Molly Moody, her 19-year-old owner, thus won a double victory—her other horse, Sunshine Carol, had won the three-gaited world's championship. Drowned in flowers, Molly shyly accepted congratulations and invited well-wishers to a champagne party.

★ ★ ★



TRUMPET EXIT from ring on flower-bedazzled champion, Lady Carrigan, is made by Garland Bradshaw riding with trophy over shoulder and ribbon clutched in his teeth.

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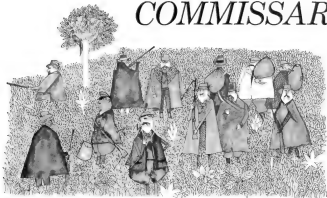


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THE PHEASANT AND THE COMMISSAR



by **ELLIS O. BRIGGS**, U.S. Ambassador to Brazil,
former Ambassador to Czechoslovakia

PHEASANT SHOOTING, like most other things in Communist Czechoslovakia, is strictly for utilitarian purposes. No sport is intended. But the commissars, with an irony that possibly is unconscious, maintain the old Hapsburg protocol that used to go with the imperial shooting. They invite diplomats to kill their pheasants because they regard shooting them as harvesting a valuable crop—pheasants, not diplomats—and because, while over the years the comrades have developed a certain amount of skill with machete, meat ax and machine gun, the intricacies of wing shooting, which most Communists consider a

decadent capitalist sport anyway, are generally beyond them.

Thus the foreign diplomats stationed in Prague receive each autumn a formal invitation for *3131*, its Ambassadors to proceed to the old Hapsburg hunting lodge at Zidlochovice, bringing two 12-gauge shotguns per diplomat, plus 800 rounds of No. 6 ammunition. Shortly after arriving in Prague as American ambassador, I received such an invitation.

The village of Zidlochovice lies in the Moravian plain, about 140 miles east of Prague and 60 miles north of Vienna. The battle of Austerlitz was fought just beyond the Zidlochovice

oak forests, and Napoleon probably had roast pheasant and Danube grape jelly on the morning after his victory. Crown Prince Rudolph established the present estate, which, after his death in the arms of Marie Vetsera, passed two generations ago to his imperial brother, King Ailona shot there often, and the high score for pheasants killed on a single day by a single hunter (833) was made by the late King Carol of Rumania.

The main hunting lodge at Zidlochovice is built on a scale approximating a Chicago railroad station, and is almost equally drafty. In the halls there are more mounted stags, wolves, capercaillie, deer, foxes and pheasants than you are likely to encounter inside the Museum of Natural History, and the bedrooms feature life-sized paintings

continued

▲ **A PHEASANT TAKING WING**, as this rare and superb action photograph by David Goodnow shows, is literally an explosion of energy, noise and color. This bird is a rock ringneck pheasant, the prime hunting species found all around the world.

PHEASANT

continued

of callipygian notes, in the Rubens (or Hapsburg) tradition. These treasures were augmented after the Communists seized Czechoslovakia by a plaster bust of Marshal Stalin, now possibly replaced by one of Khrushchev, which stood just inside the main entrance, flanked on the other side by a stuffed 450-pound bear. Uncle Joe, when I saw him, wore a benevolent expression, but the bear looked as though he had just been elected to the Politburo.

Arriving at Zidlochovice in the late afternoon of a gray November day, I surrendered my matched pair of Copwell and Harrison shotguns to an ancient forester who must have dated back to the days of Emperor Franz Josef. There were nine of us in the party, all foreign diplomats from Prague, and the 16th man was our Czech Foreign Office host—a man with a permanently preoccupied expression. He was responsible, as it turned out, for Arrangements and Devoirs.

We were routed out at 6 o'clock the following morning by the forester's trumpet, and under his tolerant eye I put on my Austrian hunting suit of gray wool trousers with a green stripe down the side, and matching jacket adorned with deerhorn buttons. This elegant costume was surmounted by a green velvet hat, with a shaving brush slit. I likewise had a fine olive-green overcoat with loose shoulders and sleeves. I decided I looked like a fugitive from a Viennese light opera, and how, I wondered, was I going to lag around two shotguns, to say nothing of nearly 100 pounds of ammunition?

Our Foreign Office representative had breakfast laid on, and he made a speech in French while the gray daylight of European autumn sifted in among the staghorn chandeliers. He gave us directions for the hunt, and we were told not to shoot hen pheasants except as specifically authorized, and not to spin around in our tracks to take rear shots, no matter what the target or provocation. Breakfast over, we trooped out and embarked in three dilapidated imperial barouches, horse-drawn, apparently last painted during World War I.

The Zidlochovice estate produces 40,000 pheasants a year. The estate has both fields and forests. Sugar beets, potatoes, cabbage, corn and tarragon grow on the rich farmland. There are wide stands of golden Czechoslovak oak, which make the finest wine casks



in the world. They likewise provide marvellous pheasant cover.

Half an hour from the hunting lodge we were surrounded by 300 Moravian farmers armed with sticks—our beaters. Thirty government foresters were in command, but among them I identified a substantial covey of secret police in brown belted raincoats, felt hats à la Jimmy Stewart, and city shoes already caked with red Moravian mud. The secret police, with nobody to arrest because diplomats have diplomatic immunity and cannot be arrested, seemed frustrated.

A personal scorekeeper

Three personal retainers were assigned to each hunter. The first was my gun bearer, who cradled one of my shotguns under each arm and declined to surrender either of them. The second lurched heavily under several hundred of my Churchill shotgun shells from London, slung in a leather bag over his shoulder. The third was a boy sprouting his first whiskers, unburdened by anything else except the stub of a pencil and a small white pad with my name on it. His function was to keep

score of my hits and misses—a disquieting prospect for any hunter.

The hunters rallied round and the Chief Forester made a speech, which our Foreign Office friend translated: the first episode would be a two-mile walk through a stand of oaks, jump shots at flushed birds, cock pheasants only. Hares and rabbits could also be killed, and foxes if we saw any. Roebuck and *hirsch* were forbidden. And now, if *Maj. les Ambassadeurs* would please deploy to their stations, the proceedings could commence to be unraveled. One moment please: shotguns only—the Argentine consul general would kindly surrender his revolver.

We dispersed, and under guidance from the foresters spread out across a quarter-mile front. Ahead of us stretched 10 dark lanes through the forest, one lane to each hunter. The lanes were assigned according to rank, the middle ones for ambassadors, with ministers, attaches, consuls and secretaries on the outside. The lanes were about 10 feet wide and a gunshot apart; in the woods between each lane, and therefore between each hunter, there were 30 beaters pounding the oak



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ELLIS O. BRIGGS, American Ambassador in Prague 1949-1953, is a Career Minister in the Foreign Service and one of the State Department's veteran troubleshooters in many parts of the world. He has also served as Ambassador in Uruguay (1946-49), Korea (1952-53), Peru (1953) and has been Ambassador in Rio de Janeiro since 1954. His book, *Shot Heard Round the World: An Ambassador's Roaming Adventures on Four Continents*, which includes this article, will be published by The Viking Press on November 4. Illustrated with drawings by Rudolf Freund, its price is \$5.



trees, shaking down acorns and making a tremendous clatter. Behind each hunter walked his three retainers—the gun bearer, who also loaded each weapon as fired, the ammunition bearer and the scorekeeper. Behind the retainers, for my special benefit, walked three members of the secret police, their feet making squidgy sounds in the moist oak leaves.

The Chief Forester lifted his trumpet and blew notes that reverberated heavily across the Moravian plain. My bearer accepted two shells from the keeper of my ammunition. He inserted the shells, snapped shut the breech, loaded the gun to me, and the whole line moved slowly forward. It was the first time I had touched my shotgun since reaching Zlitchkovice.

Before we had moved 10 yards, a cock pheasant exploded under my feet and made off, straight ahead of me.

"Cock, shoot! Quick, shoot! Shoot cock quick!" yelled all three of my retainers. So did the three secret policemen.

I raised my gun. With a baseball bat I could have given that pheasant a permanent headache. I fired both barrels. The pheasant, shedding so feathers, continued gaily down my alley.

"Zero, zero," said my scorekeeper, while his designated colleague handed me my second shotgun. "Phooey," said the policemen.

Another bird flashed. It angled off through the trees, getting no closer. I took a quick shot with speed inherited from a boyhood spent snap-shooting at woodcock in Maine alder swamps; the pheasant crumpled.

"Hen," shouted my scorekeeper. "Score, zero, zero, zero." The three policemen made sounds of derision.

These shots, I said to myself. Score: zero, zero, zero; 797 shells to go. From far off to the right a bird flashed from the No. 1 lane. Several enthusiasts fired at it without effect. Unmistakably a cock: the bird crossed 74 feet overhead, destination apparently Bratislava. I took a long swing and a long lead, and fired the left barrel. The pheasant struck the ground at our feet.

"No alar!" cried my retainers, meaning "Good going!" "Lucky shot," declared the three policemen.

Four shots, score one. 796 shots to go, if we used up all our ammunition. Two minutes had passed since we entered the forest.

The guns grow warm

So it went for these first two miles. The beaters picked up the birds; the hunters touched only their shotguns; and my retainers shouted "Hen, don't shoot!" at suitable moments. With the first 50 shells I killed 19 pheasants. Both guns grew warm and so did I in my Austrian rompers. The three members of the secret police, trailing heavily on the heels of my retainers, continued to make remarks and offer unsolicited observations.

A rabbit finally fired my policemen. A driven pheasant, with 300 beaters scrum out across the woods, will take off ahead of the marchers. So will foxes and deer. But hares and rabbits combine fright with imagination. A startled rabbit is likely to whip around

a stump in a scuffle of leaves and head back toward the line of marchers at 40 mph, ears laid flat and hind legs going like pistons. This hare dashed between my legs, did a terrified tango through my three faithful retainers, and put on a beautiful show of broken-field running through the policemen. I spun around 180° in the most conspicuously prohibited manner, and deliberately set off a charge of No. 6 shot safely above bunny's head, halfway between two of the policemen. They were not far apart. All three of them went flat on their faces in the yielding Moravian mud. Bunny lengthened his stride.

"No alar!" cried my retainers. "Help!" gurgled the stricken policemen.

I earned a fine asymmetrical raspberry from the Chief Forester, with an assist from the Czech Foreign Office representative. But the members of the secret police thereafter maintained a prudent and respectful distance to the rear, and they offered no further suggestions regarding my shooting.

There are two other ways to shoot pheasants at Zlitchkovice. One is to shoot them head on. A few hundred yards from the edge of the woods the line of march stopped, and the hunters were led around the outside and took positions facing the woods, at stands in an open field opposite the 10 lanes we'd been following. Crowded into the woods was the entire game population that had been moving on ahead of us, only now the pheasants

continued

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PHEASANT

continued

were between us and the beaters, who, in response to the forester's trumpet, resumed their forward movement.

At the edge of the woods, pheasants took wing by the hundred. For 15 minutes, or until the beaters themselves reached the edge of the woods facing the hunters, everyone fired as fast as his two guns could be passed back and forth between hunter and loader. I killed 38 cock pheasants in a quarter of an hour, and all down the line the noise sounded like a drum rehearsal for Austerlitz.

The last kind of shooting is High Birds, and that is something else again. The hunters are spaced down the middle of a wide corn field that separates two tall stands of oaks, mature trees with little undergrowth. The beaters start work half a mile away, and each flushed pheasant takes altitude, clears the trees and then makes off for the forest on the far side of the corn field. Thus stimulated, with clear air ahead of them, birds fly at 80 to 100 feet, with the throttle wide open. It takes a lead of eight feet to connect at that distance—more on the quartering angles. Moreover, unless you center your bird, it scales down into the far woods, breakfast for an alert fox, while the scorekeeper marks down a succession of zeros. Only pass shooting for game with the wind behind them is more difficult. My production curve took a downward trend, and I thought respectful thoughts of Carol of Romania.

At one o'clock we paused for an afternoon luncheon served in a grove of Austrian pines, with alpenrösche out of little crested glasses and a display of the Hapsburg linen. Waiters recruited from Lippert's in Prague poured steaming goulash into Karlov's Vary soup plates, and there was sharp red wine from nearby Moravian vineyards. I replenished my alpenrösche glass, and felt less uncharitable toward my chastened policemen. My shoulder began to stiffen, and in the afternoon I calmed my own shots and avoided improbable targets.

All afternoon we cruised back and forth between the fields and the forests, and, as the shadows lengthened and the sky purpled in the west, we came at last to an open space where our three barouches waited, together with wagons filled with all our pheasants and hares and rabbits. The game was unloaded from the wagons by the foresters, who carefully arranged them on the ground in rows, two pheasants at a

time, with the hares and rabbits separate from the pheasants. With their plumage of gold and green, the birds made a noble display. The hunters and beaters and foresters faced the hollow square where the game lay, and everyone came to attention. This was the final ceremony of the day, without which no Hapsburg hunt is completed.

The Chief Forester made a formal speech. He thanked the game for their cooperation, and apologized if they'd been put to any inconvenience. He thanked the hunters for their participation, and he promised additional sport for the morrow. He was like a priest of old time, performing a remembered ritual. I noticed that the secret police took no part in the ceremony. Yaps were sounded over the field of game, and, as the twilight deepened, we drove away in our barouches, back to the lodge at Zidlochovice.

Remember King Carol

On that shoot, 10 hunters in a day and a half killed 1,480 pheasants, and in addition we shot 350 hares and 360 rabbits. I fired upwards of 600 shells, which I took to represent considerable shooting until I remembered King Carol.

The game at Zidlochovice does not belong to the hunters. Most of the birds were shipped with all speed to western Europe and there swapped for hard currency worthless to help meet Czechoslovakia's commitments to the Kremlin. A few, however, were sold to the diplomats, who, after having tipped the staff at the Zidlochovice Lodge and subscribed to a present for the Chief Forester and paid off the retailers, found they had a fairly substantial investment in harvesting President Zaposnek's pheasants. The hunter's privilege of buying game was furthermore conditioned by rank; and an ambassador, as I recall, had access to 10 hares, plus five hares and one rabbit, at approximately their cost on the Paris market.

On the road back to Prague the secret police finally paid off their accumulated frustration. I drove to the capital after dark, and the secret police followed in their black Tatra, 90 feet behind me all the way to the height of land overlooking the Vitava River, blinking their headlights through my rear window. For 150 miles they made our life miserable. The Embassy attaché who accompanied me wanted to do something about it—borrow the Argentine consul general's revolver, for example. I restrained him. Until we got back to Prague, I said, the slogan remained: Shotgun only!

SHOOTING IN THE U.S.

NO GROUP of pheasant hunters in the U.S. can come up with a one-and-a-half-day bag of 1,450 pheasants as did Ambassador Briggs and his party in Czechoslovakia. For along with the bag limit it is an unhappy fact of outdoor life that, while the number of hunters is ever increasing, pheasant habitat is diminishing. As a result, time-pressed sportsmen are turning to the public shooting preserves. Here pheasants and other game birds are raised to be released in natural cover. At an average of \$5 a bird, the hunter may shoot as many birds as local regulations permit. Most preserves guarantee a certain number of fair shots. Some guarantee the bag. Nearly all offer guides, dogs, shells, and even guns for the unequipped. Their seasons are long. Consequently, preserves are booming; today there are more than 500 preserves in the United States. They have their critics, those who believe that the only true sport is hunting wild birds, but, undeniably, public preserves are helping to fulfill many a man's deep desire for the thrill of hunting. Hereafter, for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers, is a list of excellent preserves accessible to some of our major urban areas, where anybody with the price can shoot his limit. Others can be located through the Sportsman's Service Bureau, 250 E. 43 Street, New York 17.

PROVIDENCE. Pease Dale Shooting Preserve, Pease Dale, R.I. 35 miles from Providence. Edward Prieth, owner. Phone: Stirling 3-7127. 250 acres. Open Sept. 1 to April 15. A state license is required. Dogs, guides and guns. \$5.50 a pheasant.

HARTFORD. Conn. Mobgan Game Farm, Shelton, Conn. 43 miles south of Hartford, using Exit 51 on Merritt Parkway. George Bochen, owner. Phone: Ambler 8-9138. 800 acres. Open Sept. 15 to March 31. No state license is required. Dogs, guides and guns. \$5 a pheasant, 5 daily limit.

NEW YORK. Suffolk Lodge Game Preserve, Brookhaven, N.Y. 24 miles from New York on south shore of Long Island seven miles east of Patchogue. Kenneth R. Harv, owner. Phone: Bellport 7-2344. 1,300 acres. Dogs, guide and guns. Open Sept. 1 to Feb. 28. No state license required. \$45 for a 10-pheasant shoot (10 fair shots guaranteed), or on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday \$40 for a five-pheasant shoot. Extra birds \$5 each.

PITTSBURGH. Soley Farms, RD 1, Atlantic, Pa. 70 miles northwest of Pittsburgh, 40 miles south of Erie, 88 miles east of Cleveland. Edward N. Lawson, manager. Phone: Shadyside 2453. 1,800 acres. Open Oct. 1 to March 1. There is no Sunday hunting, and a state license is required. Dogs and guides. \$28 a day minimum for two cocks and two hens. \$25 for

15. A state license is required. Dogs and guides. \$10 minimum for two pheasants, extra birds \$5.

OMAHA. Colburn Game Farms, Inc., Fort Calhoun, Neb. 18 miles from Omaha. Phone: Fort Calhoun 4913. 120 acres. Open Oct. 1 to Feb. 1. No dogs or guides. \$15 for five fair shots, with a bag limit of three.



4 cocks. Extra cocks \$6.50, hens \$3.40.

BALTIMORE. Harford Pheasant Farm, Dublin, Md. 35 miles northeast of Baltimore off Routes 1 and 135. Pierce Hare, manager. Phone: Gladstone 7-3335. 360 acres. Open Oct. 1 to March 31. There is no Sunday hunting, and a state license is required. Dogs, guides and guns. \$28 a day for two cocks and two hens. Extra cocks \$4.50, hens \$3.50.

RICHMOND. Hidden Acres Game Preserve, Trevelin, Va. 38 miles from Richmond off Route 11. Walter G. Smith, manager. Phone: Louisa 259W-3. 425 acres. Open Oct. 1 to March 31. Dogs and guides. There is no Sunday hunting, and a state license is required. Season membership \$108 for 28 pheasants or \$5 a bird.

LOUISVILLE. Preston Highway Shooting Preserve, 4604 Hillside Drive, Louisville, Ky. 14 miles from downtown Louisville. Mrs. G. W. Taylor, manager. Phone: Eastmore 8-1899. 1,000 acres. Open Oct. 1 to March 31. A state license is required. Dogs, guides and guns. \$20 a day for four birds.

TOPEKA. Kass. Green Acres Controlled Shooting Area, Hoyt, Kans. 10 miles north of Topeka on Route 75. John A. Castles, owner. Phone: Hoyt 535. 1,300 acres. Open Oct. 15 to Feb. 15. A state license is required. Dogs and guides. \$8.25 a pheasant.

CHICAGO. Gooley's Game Farm, Elgin, Ill. 40 miles from Chicago on Route 20 to McLean Blvd., 4 miles west on Ross Road. Robert W. Gooley, owner. Phone: Sherwood 2-3233. 1,200 acres. Open Oct. 15 to March

DENVER. Gamewell Mark Game Preserve, 15 miles north of Denver and 2 miles south of Henderson on Route 86. David Howe, Alex D. Thomson, owners. Phone: Atlas 8-1525. 450 acres. Dogs and guides. Will open for pheasants about Oct. 1, and will be open until Feb. 28. Regular Colorado preserve season is Sept. 1 to Feb. 28. A state license is required. Three pheasants guaranteed on an \$18 minimum fee, extra birds \$5.50 each.

MEXO. Fort Chardell Game Ranch, Fort Chardell, Nev. 38 miles from Reno. Best arrangements can be made through Holiday Hotel in Reno (Glen Spiller, sports director). Phone: Fairview 9-0411. 4,500 acres. Open Sept. 1 to March 31. Dogs, guides and guns. \$6.50 a pheasant, but the cost diminishes after the first three birds.

DALLAS. Swag Harbor Farm Shooting Resort, Carrollton, Texas. 12 miles from Dallas. Ray D. Barrett, owner. Phone: Chapel 7-3956. 740 acres. Open Oct. 1 to April 1, and a state license is required. Dogs and guides. \$15 a day minimum for five pheasants.

SAN FRANCISCO. Peninsula Licensed Game Bird Club, 3801 Bayshore Highway, Palo Alto, Calif. 35 miles south of San Francisco. Phone: Yorkville 8-1551. 640 acres. Open Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Dogs and guides. \$15 for two pheasants, extra birds \$6 each, daily limit six birds. Membership fee of \$299 entitles sportsman to 40 pheasants, and business firms and other groups may join at \$510 for 100 birds.

CRB

Summer Album

A drama critic (New York "Daily News"), whose hobby is vacation travel, wanders through some ghost towns in his native state of Colorado

by JOHN CHAPMAN

THE PURPOSE of a vacation is to give a man time to get away from where he is. Often the vacationer heads right back to where he came from. In the case of the Chapmans, my wife and I scurry off by motor from New York to our native state of Colorado in search of friends, fish, a daughter, high mountains and some new snapshots for our album (opposite). This last summer, in addition, we found some ghost towns.

In the public mind, ghost towns connote the mining camp of the West that lies between the Rockies and the Sierras, where rugged and quarrelsome men sought their fortunes of silver and gold. In this vast mining area, within 18 miles of each other on Colorado's western slope, are two unique ghost towns which, though they were mining camps, gave no thought to precious metals. One of them dug out of the mountains the whitest mineral known, the other the blackest. Between them runs swiftly a mountain stream aptly and accurately named Crystal River. After long years of semiretirement they are due for a boom—but not a return to their heyday; this time the boom will be tourism and the sports of fishing, hunting, skiing and golf.

Farther upstream of the two is Marble, which consists of a few summer cabins along the riverbanks, the ruins of a once-enormous marble works and one business establishment—a little roadside stand which sells soda pop, postcards and rock samples.

Eighteen miles and an inestimable number of rainbow trout downstream lies Redstone, so named for the lovely red of the outcroppings which surround it. It consists of a few cottages along a single street, a small general store offering a smattering of canned goods and fishing tackle, one gasoline pump serving "regular" gas—and an inn, and a mansion which has one room paneled in elephant hide. Once, Redstone was a thriving and astonishingly luxurious town for coal miners, and at its outer edge, along the bank of the Crystal River, a long row of coke ovens glowed through the night. Redstone came and went in six years and probably is the only ghost town ever created by Wall Street; it was abandoned overnight when John D. Rockefeller I and J. P. Morgan acquired control of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. The ovens have been cold for half a century.

Redstone's inn and the mansion, called Cleveholm, are the key to the expected boom along the Crystal River—

these and the fact that the State of Colorado has taken over road maintenance from Gunnison County. Redstone is a five-hour drive over the Continental Divide from Denver, 25 miles closer than the famed all-year resort of Aspen. About two years ago Frank Kistler, a wealthy Denverite, acquired the inn and the mansion. He has made the mansion his home and the inn has been completely refurbished, inside and out, from bathrooms to wallpaper. Redstone is still only a summer resort, but Kistler plans an all-year operation. A ski lift and an 18-hole golf course are in prospect.

But, though Redstone may boom, Marble is still the ghostliest of ghost towns—a particularly eerie sight under a full moon. A combination of fire, flood and finance brought about its abandonment.

From the vast quarry four miles upstream from the town had come marble of unsurpassed texture and whiteness. It is the marble of the Lincoln Memorial, and the quarry from which came the largest block of marble ever mined, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The marble was brought, rough-cut, down a mountainside, slung on a three-inch cable. At the mill, which was 1,799 feet long and 100 to 150 feet wide, was machinery for fashioning the stone into any desired shape, including pillars. But a fire in 1906 almost fatally crippled the mill, which was the largest of its kind in the world, and on one of its spring rampages the Crystal River did further damage.

In 1927, the Colorado-Yule Marble Company was bought up by the Vermont Marble Company. But its rehabilitation never got started, for other factors were at work creating a ghost town. Marble substitutes, such as terrazzo, were an economic threat, and the Vermont owners also found they could operate more cheaply in Vermont. So today Marble is deserted except for a few holidayers, fishermen, sightseers and the lady who sells the pop and the postcards. But, for miles along the river and along what was once the railroad right-of-way, stretches a blinding-white jumble—the ruins of things that were never built. When Marble went out of business, it dropped everything where it was. Slabs, sections of pillars, corbels—stones cut for now-forgotten purposes—were left in the mill and pushed overboard from railroad tracks along the right-of-way. They are the Ruins of Nothing. And nobody expects to do anything with them, or the quarry, or the mill. (CNC)



Picking souvenirs
at Marble, Colo.



Fishing with daughter
on Crystal River



Sculpture by Nature
at Redstone



"The Mansion," Redstone, Colo.

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TIP FROM THE TOP

from **BUCK LUCE**

Sands Pefat Golf Club, Port Washington, N.Y.



FOR THE AVERAGE GOLFER

The trap shot, to my way of thinking, is one of the least difficult shots in golf, for it is the only one which allows the player a margin for error of almost two inches. Ideally, you should contact the sand two inches behind the ball, but even if your stroke is erratic and you hit the sand only a quarter of an inch behind the ball, you will produce a fairly good and serviceable shot. Golf is seldom this lenient.

In playing from sand, the golfer should play the ball off his left heel and the face of the club should be open. This gives you the maximum loft of the club face, and the ball will get into the air with the quickest upward flight. Getting out of the trap, after all, is the most important thing. There is no need to force a shot from sand, for the construction of the sand iron provides you with a wide sole that has a bounce to it. If you swing the club right, it will do most of the work for you. So, instead of trying to flip the ball by consciously breaking the wrists, which is wrong and unnecessary, concentrate on developing a firm and rhythmic swing—a one-piece swing in which an even tempo is sustained from start to finish. Furthermore, you will gain consistency if you remember that if you take the club back a certain distance on the backswing, it must go through an equal distance on the follow-through.



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BONNIE PRUDDEN

13

The floor swim helps strengthen upper and lower back muscles

Many people today suffer from a combination of weak backs and muscular tension, which separately or together contribute to discomfort and pain in the upper and lower back. With this exercise Bonnie Prudden shows you how to avoid or correct this condition. If you notice strain in your lower back while doing the exercise, place a pillow under your body and then continue. Eventually you should be able to do the exercise without the pillow.

TIPS FOR LIVING: When walking, tighten your abdominal muscles for 10 steps, release them for 10, then repeat.



Lie prone on the floor and raise your right arm and your left leg at the same time. Gradually increase height, number and speed of lifts.



Repeat the exercise with the left arm and the right leg raised simultaneously. For variety, raise both arms or both legs at the same time.

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write Simpson Imports Inc, Dept SI, 9 East 37th St, New York 16. Telephone

MU 5-7445. Also Daks for women: skirts from \$22.95, slacks and walking shorts



Yes!...if they're

DAKS

Tailored by S. Simpson Ltd, London, England



THE QUESTION: *What is there about football that makes you like the game so much?*

ROBERT L. MOORE



*Chairman of the Board
Blanch Corporation
of America*

I love the keen competition and all the sportsmanship. Also, football is a wonderfully nostalgic link with old Harvard and it re-evokes the youthful enthusiasms of undergraduate days. The Harvard-Yale game is among the oldest college classics. I haven't missed a game since 1912.

AUDREY MEADOWS



*Television actress
Washington, D.C.*

The Washington Redskins. I'm wild about them. College football is wonderful for color and tradition, but pro football is more exciting. I've followed the Redskins from the days of the incomparable Sammy Baugh. My husband and I have tickets on the 50-yard line. We never miss a game.

GENERAL RATHMAN F. TWINING



*Chairman, Joint Chiefs
of Staff
Washington, D.C.*

I like the game because it gives boys an opportunity to develop a strong, competitive spirit; it demands that players be in top condition; it promotes poise and ability to think and react under pressure. It's a rough, tough sport that creates great enthusiasm both on and off the field.

WILFRID SMITH



*Sports editor
The Chicago Tribune*

The strategy aspect, too. Football requires keen intelligence, an thrilling in victory as a decisive move in chess. Based on hard body contact, it demands courage. Also proficiency at it requires coordination of speed and power, without which there can be few individual stars.

MRS. WILMA SROGICK



*Owner, beauty salon
Brynner, Mich.*

Football is the most refreshing sport. I love the excitement, the rushing, the cheering, the banners and flowers. I also like football because my husband, from Michigan State, and my son love it so much. When the football season comes along, it makes me think: Gee, it's good to be alive.

JUST GARLAND



*Movie star
Beverly Hills, Calif.*

Although I don't understand football as well as I do baseball, I think it's a heck of a game. It gives me more thrills and excitement than baseball. Our boys are at their best. If they played the game of life the way they play football, there's nothing they couldn't accomplish.

BILL O'MARA



*Sports director
KING-TV and radio
Seattle*

Because it is one of the best personalizations of life in America. Physical contact calls for sound condition and mental alertness. The game demands concentration and a keen desire to excel. I particularly like the opportunity for college students given deserving athletes.

UTA VON BERN



*Fashion model
New York City*

When I came from Germany and saw my first game at SMU, the players looked like warriors from Mars and all the cheering shocked me. Only the cheerleaders, the cheer, the bands and the crowds made the spectacle interesting. Now I understand and like it. It reflects the spirit of America.

FLORENCE ERICKSON



*President, Cinema
Haitians Society
Los Angeles*

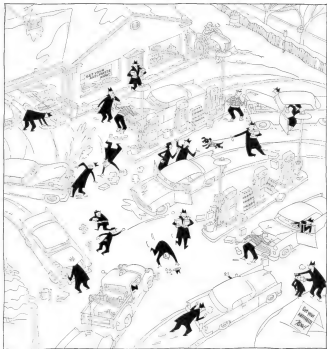
The thing that makes me like football is my husband's enthusiasm when we are at a game. I look at his face and I see a miracle. He is 20 years younger. Football helps to keep him young. I never thought the day would come when I'd look forward to the football season.

MYONG SON



*College student
Seoul, Korea*

The first football game I saw was in Korea, played by American soldiers. It was rough but I was not surprised. Your soldiers are rough fighters. The maneuvering runs interested me most. It was like a real battle and I liked it. In America, football is the best game. I like the sportsmanship.



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"I'll get my antifreeze tomorrow!"

Why go through this again—take steps now!

1. Take your car to your regular serviceman.
2. Give him time for a complete check of the engine cooling system.

3. Ask him to install his company brand of glycol all-weather antifreeze.

Three easy steps right now . . . and you're ready for carefree winter driving!

Dow is a leading producer and supplier of ethylene glycol to the antifreeze industry.

The Dow Chemical Company, Midland, Michigan

DOW

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the front cover
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19th
HOLE

**THE READERS
TAKE OVER**

**SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR:
NOMINATIONS WELCOME**

Sir:

Now, I repeat, now is the time for you
Mr. Holland or Mr. O'Neill to sit down and
write the nominating story of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* Sportsman of the Year 1957.
The man: Boston's Ted Williams, of course.
Agreed and perjured, you surely must agree
that he is this year's man.

WILLIAM MCCARTHY

Boston

Sir:

I nominate Alden Gibson Sportsman
of the Year, 1957. Here is the most remarkable
achievement to date.

SERGEANT JONES

Tokyo

Sir:

When you start thinking about 1957's
Sportsman of the Year, I hope they will
ask 1956 winner Bobby Morrow for his
choice.

HARRY FIRBY

New York

• With football's Saturday's heroism
still to be reckoned with, Bobby Morrow
hereby formally opens nominations
for Sportsman (or Sportswoman)
of the Year with his choice: Bob Gato-
ninski or Floyd Patterson. The winner,
who will join the distinguished
company of Roger Bannister (1954),
Johnny Podres (1955) and Bobby Morrow
(1956), may already have made
his mark or may as yet be unheard
of. He (or she) may be a person who
made a sustained contribution to the
sporting ideal—or someone who, for a
single blazing hour or day, displayed
that quality described by Ernest Hem-
ingway as "grace under pressure."
He may be amateur or professional, a
star, a trainer, an owner, a teacher,
an official, a coach. In any case, the
editors, who will announce their decision
in the special year-end issue of
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, will be grate-
ful for help.—ED.

BRIDGE: WELCOME

Sir:

Another major triumph for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and a big bonus for all your bridge-
loving readers came as a happy surprise in
your Sept. 16 issue.

Thank you for giving us Charles Goren—
he'll be that long-but want: easy and
practical bridge advice for everyone.

Sincerely to best wishes of bridge addicts
and admirers of Charles Goren.

MARGARET FLARE

Sacramento

Sir:

I see you are going to teach bridge. So
this is a "sport"....

HARRY JACOVITZ GARDNER

Winter Park, Fla.

BULB BLOW? SPOILED SHOW?



BUY A PAIR! HAVE A SPARE!



G-E PROJECTION LAMPS
FOR ALL SLIDE AND MOVIE PROJECTORS

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**You can start
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DURING accumulation of
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ments from your annuity will
also get favorable tax treat-
ment. While this is the surest
way to provide retirement in-
come, it can also be the most
profitable. For our plan to start
building your annuity now
write New England Life, Back
Bay P.O. Box 333N, Boston 17.

Sir:
... Bridge is a sport, as Colburns used
to say. "Bridges only to lose!"

JOHN P. LUNN

New York

GLOBAL BASEBALL

Sir:
I read with interest in *ENRIGHS & DIS-*
ENTRIES Sept. 22 that Richard S.
Falk of Milwaukee is the father of global
baseball.

As a matter of fact, J. G. Taylor Spink,
with whom I was formerly associated at his
office of *The Sporting News* in St. Louis,
should get that rating. More than 10 years
ago, Spink was Global Commissioner for
the National Baseball Congress, which
cooperates with Falk in his present tour-
nament and made a number of trips
out of the country to get the rules orga-
nized and interested in coming to the U.S.
for competition. He was in Japan for
two weeks in 1949 and lined up the Jap-
anese teams that now have been coming
to the U.S.

ARTHUR COPE

Denver

● A well-deserved pat on the back for
Taylor Spink.—ED.

WANTED: MR. TACHE

Sir:
I am writing to you about our dog, Mr.
Tache, whom we have raised from the age
of seven weeks and who never let me out of
his sight and who now has disappeared.

But Tache grew to be so beautiful, we
decided to show him. This summer he
eventuated his championship. The first
and only time he was shown as a champion
was at the Somerset Hills show at Flat
Hills, N.J., on September 7, where he was
best of breed.

The next day, Sunday, he disappeared.
Although I have advertised in the papers
and on radio and circulated more than
1,000 notices, we have heard nothing.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reaches so many
readers all over the country, I have to
be desperate to ask if you could print his
picture.

MAURICE B. DAVIS

Gladstone, N.J.

● Will anyone who sees Tache please
call Gladstone, New Jersey, Postmark
8-0491.—ED.



HAVE YOU SEEN TACHE?



Style 130

The first time you wear them...

you'll notice there's something really
different about French Shriners.

The difference is immediate "all-over"
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Style 430—Black Imported Bavarian Calf... \$22.95

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Fits in your purse
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Wherever you go!

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MIGHTY WESTINGHOUSE 7-TRANSISTOR PORTABLE RADIO

Small enough to travel in pocket or purse, yet performs like a big radio wherever it goes! Powered by 7 miracle transistors and Westinghouse Silver Safeguard Chassis, it's immune to heat, vibration—can't wear out or burn out. Runs on low-cost, long-life battery. Unbreakable case in choice of colors. 90 day parts and labor warranty.

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Crew, sporty, casual, and 4 sporty styles in your
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Wonderfully good, here is ONE wine
everybody likes...easy to serve, goes
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White Alexander V. Mendoza, P.O. Box 504
Los Gatos, California

1954
HOLE continued

BABERALL: SOLITARY BLESSING

Slam

"To err is human," and it is also human to notice the other man's errors. You have been guilty of the former, and I am being guilty of the latter. I had to mark down an error for you when I came to the RANSMALL X-HAY (Sept. 16). You have informed baseball lovers everywhere that infielder Herb Pless of Washington has hit no home runs for the entire season. It is an established fact that Pless is not blessed with that popular ability of driving a ball out of the park. Nevertheless, let us give credit where credit is due. One day last summer Mr. Pless stepped up to the plate in Centerville Park and around the White Box with a solid smash into the right-field seats. It was his first and only home run of the season, but a good one.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED tries to be the most reliable recreation I find in the midst of the hustle and bustle of my profession. Your articles are interesting and satisfying, giving the sports enthusiast a wealth of enjoyment with a variety of information. Your special baseball and football issues have been superb.

REV. MARTIN T. BRADDOCK

West Bend, Wis.

● Rev. Bradlock is correct.—ED.

TRACK: LET US RECOGNIZE...

Slam

It always makes me angry to see unjustified criticism of foreign athletes who break records just because they're foreign. Your article on the illegal Russian jumping shoe (18, Sept. 9) is a case in point.

I do not recall a similar article by your staff when Bud Held broke the World Javelin Record with his illegal or yet to be declared legal "Held javelin."

American high jumpers have been using ructions inside and outside of their shoes for years, including sponge-rubber sole insoles, to no avail. Harold Osborn used to be accused of holding the bar on with his inside arm. Then they had to make diving legal. Let us recognize the fact that a number of our track records are or have been lousy for years. The 6-foot 11½-inch high jump record of Davis was not much of a jump for a man nearly 6 feet 8 inches tall. Next Gateswold will be accused of using a too springy pole, which we saw Bazo Oke of Japan demonstrate in Madison Square Garden in 1937. The pole doesn't make the pole vaulter. Richards could probably make 15 feet with a modified clothes pole of sufficient length.

You may expect some other startling track performances out of Russia in the future. With 200 million people to draw from, adequately motivated and scientifically trained, the U.S. will not be able to keep pace. Track has become too much of a political football in this country.

RICHARD C. GAMLEN, M.D.

Flagstaff, Ark.

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, not yet born when the Rev. Held set his mark Aug. 8, 1953, discussed in detail the still controversial new javelin in its June 6, 1955 issue.—ED.

PAT ON THE BACK



ED MOORE

A sharp man with a gun or fishing rod, Ed Moore has pursued game in many corners of the globe. His most recent foray was in the wilds of Kodiak Island, Alaska, where he tracked down this nine-foot Kodiak bear to add to his trophies. A member of the family of grizzlies, largest carnivores on earth, this fellow weighed just under 1,100 pounds. Moore got him at dusk on his first day out near Karlak Lake with a Winchester Model 70, 375 H & H Magnum at 125 yards. He then spent the remainder of his two weeks fishing.

Formally (and rarely) known as R. Edwin Moore, he is president and director of Bell & Gossett Co., machine

and chemical manufacturers in Merton Grove, Illinois. A big, jolly man of 69 (6 feet 3 inches, 245 pounds, who wrestled for sport in his younger days), he lives with his wife and daughter in Winnetka and operates a 500-acre farm in Walworth, Wisconsin, near Lake Geneva. Owner of a collection of almost 100 usable guns, Moore is more than a dilettante. He has recently perfected a new sight for shotguns which is in the process of being patented and which gives promise of keen accuracy in all hunting.

In addition to these talents Moore's friends claim for him the title of world's finest trick-shot artist with a slingshot. His accuracy with it is deadly—and why not? He learned to use one even before he had a real gun.

The Fifth International Trophy
and Canada Cup Championship
International Golf Matches

sponsored by

International Golf Association,

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October 24 through 27, 1957

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Teams from thirty countries

will participate.

United States team: Sam Snead, Jimmy Demaret

Previous winners:

Argentina 1953

Australia 1954

United States 1955

United States 1956

International Good-Will through Golf

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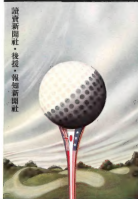
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EDNA THOMPSON, U.S.A. (ETC.), CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD, PHOTOGRAPHER AT GLENMORE DISTILLERIES IN KENTUCKY

FAMILY SECRETS...

"Many of our special ways of making Old Kentucky Tavern so mellow are family secrets — but here's one everyone knows. Ours is the only premium Bond that gets every drop timed to perfection 7 full years! Nature needs that long for the full flowering of Bourbon flavor. So linger over your next sip. I do believe you'll find this perfect flavor a rare delight."

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